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THE
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BEING
A SELECTION

OF
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POEMS,

ADAPTED TO VERY EARLY YOUTH; RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED TO THE MOTHERS OF FAMILIES.

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WITH every due sense of the value of **WATTS'** and **BARBAULD'S** Hymns, for the use of very young Children, it may safely be affirmed, that no sufficiently diversified collection of chaste and classical poetry has yet appeared, which is in every respect adapted to that period of life which passes between infantine simplicity and the commencement of regular instruction.

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Should this public offering by a parent prove acceptable to other parents—should it assist to store the opening mind with agreeable images of nature, or to impress pure sentiments of moral and divine truth, at an age when they are not easily obliterated, the compiler will be abundantly gratified. It is delightful, indeed, to every feeling mind to give pleasure to innocence; but to profit it also, is a task on which a benevolent disposition will ever exercise itself with a fond partiality.

W. M.

AUGUST 1,
1801.

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THE
NURSERY GARLAND.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How curfed is his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

B

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honours due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

WATTS.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What your're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

WATTS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

WATTS.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND
SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful fight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight !

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,

Our little brawls remove:

That as we grow to riper age,

Our hearts may all be love.

WATTS.

TRUE BEAUTY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin,

To peace of mind, and harmony within?

What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,

To the soft soothing of a calm reply?

Can loveliness of form, or shape, or air,

With loveliness of words or deeds compare?

No! — those at first th' unwary heart may gain;

But these — these only, can the heart retain.

GAY.

SONNET,

TO CHARITY.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n sublime! thou ray of God,

Pure essence! sprung from pure celestial love!

Rich is the bosom grac'd with thy abode,

And poor the wretch thy spirit fails to move.

O fill my heart; each thought, each word controul,

B 3

THE NURSERY GARLAND.

And fix th' **ETERNAL**'s stamp, His image on my
soul

Teach me to look with candour's modest eye,

Prone to absolve, while still the fault to blame:

Teach me to heave the sympathetic sigh,

And spare "the blushes of ingenuous shame."

To think no ill—to dare no cruel deed—

In one wide circle to embrace mankind,

Be this my study—this my glorious meed,

And **HEAVEN** must view, well pleas'd, its own re-
flected **MIND**. MAYOR.

THE VIOLET.

'**SHELTER**'D from the blight ambition,

Fatal to the pride of rank,

See me in my low condition,

Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)

No variety's impress;

Suited to an humble station,

Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,

May in her fantastic train,

When Pastora deigns to wear me,

Has no flow'ret half so vain. **CUNNINGHAM.**

THE NURSERY GARLAND.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,

Which in Milton's page we see;

Flowers of Eve's embowered dwelling

Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses

Emulate thy damask cheek;

How the bud its sweets discloses—

Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction

Emblems of a double kind;

Emblems of thy fair complexion,

Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty

Blossom, fade, and die away;

Then pursue good sense and duty,

Evergreens! which ne'er decay. COTTON.

ODE TO THE CUCKOW.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!

Thou messenger of spring!

Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,

Thy certain voice we hear;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,

Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee

I hail the time of flowers,

And hear the sound of music sweet

From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wand'ring thro' the wood

To pull the primrose gay,

Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,

And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom

Thou fleest thy vocal vale,

An annual guest in other lands,

Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!

We'd make, with joyful wing,

Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes ?
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern :

Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,

And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time :

When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in
bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall
come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven.

Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of
clay,

I may dwell in a palace in Heaven.

WATTS.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly,

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky :
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face ;
Then calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;

Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head ;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty,
And wrapt Urania sings to thee !

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

THOMSON.

THE DRUM.

I HATE that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms ;

And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To swell the catalogue of human woes.

SCOTT.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.

No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
'Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hand her wreaths again.

C

Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 'Till tyrant Passion, and corrosive Care,
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
 Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
 Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

MRS. C. SMITH.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
 The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely—too rudely, alas!
 I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

COWPER.

FRIENDSHIP. AN ODE.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the favorites of the sky.

C 2

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 On fools and villains ne'er descends ;
 In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
 And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
 O guide us thro' Life's darksome way !
 And let the tortures of mistrust
 On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
 When souls to peaceful climes remove,
 What rais'd our virtues here below,
 Shall aid our happiness above. JOHNSON.

ODE TO MORNING.

HAIL, roseate Morn ! returning light !
 To thee the fable Queen of Night
 Reluctant yields her sway ;
 And as she quits the dappled skies,
 On glories, greater glories rise,
 To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips,
 Arabia's spices scent her lips ;
 Her head with rose-buds crown'd ;

Mild Zephyr-hastes to snatch a kiss ;
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
 Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops, daughters of the morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,
 And all the broider'd vales ;
Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
 Aurora, rising, hails !

While Nature, now in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily dress'd
 Each tributary plain ;
While blooming flowers, and blossom'd trees,
Soft waving with the vernal breeze,
 Exult beneath thy reign ;

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
By sleep in silken fetters bound,
 The downy god obey ?
Ah, no ! thro' yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
 And own thy chearful sway !

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers,
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
 And we no more shall trace

Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene;
 Or clouds may gloom the smiling face,
 And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime
 We sport away the fleeting time,
 Regardless of our fate;
 But by some unexpected blow,
 Our giddy follies we shall know,
 And mourn them when too late.

PENNINGTON

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss,
 A dull complaining Atheist said,
 As stretched he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanced in this.

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
 "A pumpkin large and round,
 "Is held but by a little string,
 "Which upwards cannot make it spring,
 "Nor bear it from the ground.

- " While on this Oak an acorn small,
 " So disproportion'd grows,
 " That whoso'er surveys this all—
 " This universal, casual ball,
 " Its ill contrivance knows.
 " My better judgment would have hung
 " The pumpkin on the tree;
 " And left the acorn slightly strung,
 " 'Mong things that on the surface sprung,
 " And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
 No farther faults decry;
 For upwards gazing as he lay,
 An acorn loosened from its spray
 Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
 As punish'd for the sin:
 " Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 " Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
 " Nor skull have kept them in."

ANON.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life!

Free from care, and free from strife,

Free from Memory's ruthless reign,

Fraught with scenes of former pain;

Free from fancy's cruel skill,

Fabricating future ill;

Time, when all that meets the view,

All can charm for all is new;

How thy long-lost hours I mourn,

Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,

Caught rebounding from the wall;

Then the mimic ship to guide

Down the kennel's dusky tide;

Then the hoop's revolving pace

Thro' the dirty street to chase:

O what joy!—it once was mine,

Childhood, matchless boon of thine!

How thy long-lost hours I mourn,

— Never, never to return!

SCOTT.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE tuneful choir in amorous strains,
Accost their, feather'd loves,
While each fond mate with equal pains
The tender suit approves;

With chearful hop from spray to spray,
They sport along the meads;
In social bliss together fray,
Where love or fancy leads.

Thro' Spring's gay scenes each happy pair
Their flutt'ring joys pursue;
Its various charms and produce share,
For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade
Their mutual loves proclaim;
Till Winter's chilling blast invade,
And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
Nor woods nor meads delight,
The drooping tribe in secret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome fight.

Go, blissful warbler! timely wise,
 Th' instructive moral tell;
 Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
 My charming Annabelle!

IAGO.

THE INVOCATION.

TO MIRA.

THE fairest flower that sips the dew,
 And sheds the rich perfume,
 Than lovely Mira is less sweet,
 And less its beauteous bloom,

The rose-bud bursting into day,
 By no rude touch defild,
 Is not more pure than Mira's heart,
 Nor vernal suns more mild.

If, Venus, with a favoring ear
 Thou ever heardst a prayer,
 This blooming flower protect and guide
 With all a parents care!

Let no rude storm, no chilling air,
 Prevent her opening charms;
 And should a danger hover near,
 O shield her in thy arms!

**So when Time ripens every grace,
And calls forth every sweet,
In her, each heart will own thy sway,
And worship at thy feet.**

MAVOR.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

**WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT
TWELVE YEARS OLD.**

**HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
On his own ground.**

**Whose herds with milk, whose fields of bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in Summer yield him shade,
In Winter fire.**

**Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind.
Quiet by day,**

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

Pope.

THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

FEATHER'd lyric ! warbling high,
 Sweetly gaining on the sky,
 Op'ning with thy matin lay
 (Nature's hymn !) the eye of day,
 Teach my soul, on early wing,
 Thus to soar, and thus to sing.
 While the bloom of orient light
 Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
 May the day-spring from on high,
 Seen by Faith's religious eye,
 Cheer me with his vital ray,
 Promise of eternal day !

Thomson.

A SUMMER EVENING.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the
sun,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some dropping of rain!

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;

He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,

And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,

Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his
sins,

And melts into tears: when he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way;

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,

Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,

And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,

Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.

D

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe;
When first Distress with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene—
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And echo 'midst my native plains
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed,
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;

And while he sung the female heart,
With Youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by Art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thought, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design;
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail;
The buskin'd mute shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

COLLINS.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO A LADY.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
 The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
 The Winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
 The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
 Salutes the gay return of Spring:
 The silver dews, the vernal showers;
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers,
 The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloth'd with green, or swell'd with buds,
 Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beautiful flower, a welcome guest,
 Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
 Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
 Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
 Arise, ye flowery race, arise!
 And haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
 In this sweet offspring of a day;
 That miracle of face must fail:
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail;
 Swift as the short liv'd flower they fly,
 At morn they bloom, at evening die:
 Tho' sickness yet awhile forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name.
 Time must indent that heavenly brow,
 And thou must be, what they are now.
 This Moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BROOME.

THE NARCISSUS.

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream
 I bow'd my snowy pride,
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
 For what the Fates deny'd;
 The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
 With such an angel air,
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,

A self admiring sweet,

Permit me, by your grace divine,

To kiss the fair one's feet.

That if by chance the gentle maid

My fragrance should admire,

I may, upon her bosom laid,

In sister's sweets expire.

CUNNINGHAM.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

HOW are deluded human kind

By empty shows betray'd?

In all their hopes and schemes they find

A nothing, or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast

A soldier on the wars;

Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last,

Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosopher for gain

Will leave unturn'd no stone;

But tho' they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chemists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready spirit down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and swelling,
He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants an house to dwell in.

At court, the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound
So strange a truth display'd?
There's not a substance to be found,
"But every where a shade."

PITT.

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,

And sought'st thy native skies ;
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His fallen shrines to burn ;
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind !
O rise and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train ;
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike honour led !

And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed !

COLLINS.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied
To the delicate growth of our Isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.

See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the Spring,
Tho' abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where FLORA is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay,
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd,
The frowns of a sky so severe ;
Such Mary's true love that has lived
Thro' many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow but shews
The truth of a friend such as you.

COWPER.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
grove ;

'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began :
Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

“ Ah ! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
“ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ;

- “ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow ;
“ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
“ Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay !
“ Mourn, sweetest companion, man calls thee to
 mourn ;
“ O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass
 away !
“ Full quickly they pass—but they never return !
- “ Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
“ The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays ;
“ But lately I mark’d, when majestic on high,
“ She shone, and the planets were lost in the
 blaze.
“ Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
“ The path that conducts thee to splendor again :
“ But man’s faded glory no change shall renew :
“ Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !
- “ ’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
 more :
“ I mourn ; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not
 for you ;
“ For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
“ Perfum’d with fresh fragrance, and glitt’ring
 with dew.

- " Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
 " Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save :
 " But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 " O when shall it dawn on the night of the
 grave ! "

BEATTIE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW- WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
 The lily and the blushing rose,
 From public view her charms will screen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
 This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 The fairest fruits attract the flies !

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Cried, " Sure there never was in nature
 So elegant, so fine a creature !
 All other insects that I see,
 The frugal and industrious bee,
 Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
 With all that low, mechanic crew,

Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only was I born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and shine:
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire."

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

"Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain;
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns."

MOORE.

E

HYMN TO PROSPERITY.

CELESTIAL maid, receive this pray'r!

If e'er thy beam divine

Should gild the brow of toiling Care,

And bless a hut like mine.

Let humble Worth, without a fear,

Approach my ready door;

Nor let me ever see a tear,

Regardless, from the poor!

O bless me with an honest mind,

Above all selfish ends;

Humanely warm to all mankind,

And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still

My actions let me guide;

And give no fear but that of ill,

No scorn but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare

On Heav'n's dread King to gaze;

Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,

And wake my morn with praise:

That hence my soul may hope to prove
 The utmost saints can know;
 And share his gracious smile above,
 Whose laws she kept below.

MISS S. CARTER.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire,
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;

Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daifies in the dewy vale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn,
Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,
Anxious hears the huntsmen's horn,
Boldly sounding drown his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows;
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forfakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo in her airy found,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd, serene, and still!
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
 'Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge is green,
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the hearth the heifer strays
 Free—(the furrow'd task is done)
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)]
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,

To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping thro' the fitken grafs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu,

CUNNINGHAM.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

HER kindly melting heart,
To every want and every woe;
To guilt itself, when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
As she the common mother were of all,

Nor only good, and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind :
A spirit, that with noble pride,
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile, or frown ;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice,
Or Interest's, or Ambition's highest prize ;
That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain
A Wit that temperately bright,
With inoffensive light,
All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds, that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty before it cast,
A prudence, undeceiving, undeceiv'd ;
That nor too little, nor too much believ'd :
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.

LYTTELTON.

LIFE.

O WHY do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still await,
Tossing themselves like boat amid the main,
That every hour they knock at death's gate?
And he that happy seems, and least in pain,
Is yet as nigh his end, as he that most doth 'plain.

The whiles some one did chaunt their lovely lay,
Ah see, who so fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal Life the leaf, the bud, the flower,

No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was fought to deck both bed and
bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour ;
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be, without a
crime.

SPENSER.

ODE TO GOOD-NATURE.

HAIL, Cherub of the highest heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper even,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
Of every virtue, every praise the queen !

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great Humility looks down on Pride.

Oh ! curse on Slander's vip'rous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong ;
Idiots usurp thy title and thy fame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
That it should steal thy name, and take thy place?

No—thou art active, spirit all,
Swifter than lightning, at the call
Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
And large with liberality thy heart,

Thy appetites in easy tides
(As Reason's luminary guides)
Soft, slow, no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet, if a transport thou canst feel,
'Tis only for a neighbour's weal;
Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free,
From flattery's fawning tongue, and bending knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast,

**Nought is excluded little or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.**

**Come, goddess, come with all thy charms,
(For oh! I love thee,) to my arms :**

**All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.**

SMART.

ODE, ON HEARING MUSIC.

**YON organ! hark! how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet?**

**The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jas'mine groves, and chrystal streams,
And lily-mantled meads;**

**Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,**

**Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.**

F

Now different tones and measures flow,
And gravely deep, and sadly slow,
 Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
 Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
 I pitying seem to stray:
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
 And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
 O'er earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs responsive strains,
 And in their raptures share.

SCOTT.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

AN ODE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath !
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

YE sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd !
I scorn the moral fop, and ethic sage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page :
Like Moses' bush, each leaf divinely bright,
Where God invests himself in milder light !
Taught by your doctrines, we devoutly rise,
Faith points the way, and hope unbars the skies :
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
And sink the body, but to raise the soul ;—
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way !

THOMSON.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave, rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head ;
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light !
See the golden God appear !
Flies the fiend of darkness drear ;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain !

See the golden God advance!
On Taurus' heights his courfers prance:
With him haste the vernal hours,
Breathing sweets, and dropping flowers.
Laughing Summer at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride;
And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of Glory, haste away!
From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!

LANGHORNE,

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,

From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies ;
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought ! divine Eternity !

Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee !
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound ;
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes ;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its straiten'd channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into Eternity.

For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

GAY.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream-with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.

He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,

And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd the care,

Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on in their intended round,
Talent spoke first, "My gentle comrades, say,
" Where each of you may probably be found,
" Should accident divide us on the way.

" If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
" A friendly patronage I hope to find,
" Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
" And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

Says Virtue, " Did Sincerity appear,
" Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great ;
" Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
" 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

" Could I find patriots for the public weal
" Assiduous, and without their selfish crews ;
" Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
" 'Tis among these my residence I'd choose.

" In glitt'ring domes let luxury reside,
" I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
" Far from the paths of avarice or pride,
" Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell."

"Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true ;
"But who (says Reputation) can explore
"My slipp'ry steps ?—Keep, keep me in your view ;
"If once I'm lost, you'll never find me more."

CUNNINGHAM.

March the 12th

INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove ;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat ;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove and sing the live-long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings ;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve :

O let me thus your friendship bribe !
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual int'rest guard ;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

GRAVES.

THE RAVEN: A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same,)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day ;
'Twas April, as the bumkins say :
But suddenly a wind, as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,

And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Left the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.

But just at eve, the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together;
"And now (quoth poor unthinking Ralph)
" 'Tis over, and the brood is safe."

(For Ravens, tho' as birds of omen,
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd his airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Clim'd, like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In every change, both mine and your's.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangl'd by a hair.

G

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

COWPER.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

POETS still in graceful numbers
May the glowing roses chuse
But the Snow-drop's simple beauty
Better suits an humble muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,
Fairest of the fragrant race,
First-born child of vernal Flora,
Seeking mild thy lowly place.

Tho' no warm, nor murm'ring zephyr,
Fan thy leaves with balmy wing;
Pleas'd, we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant Spring.

Thro' the cold and cheerless season,
Soft thy tender form expands,
Safe in unassuming graces,
Foremost of the bloomy bands.

White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,
Rising from a wintry bed ;
Chilling winds and blasts ungenial
Rudely threat'ning round thy head.

Silvery bud, thy penfile foliage
Seems the angry blast to fear ;
Yet secure, thy tender texture
Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid colouring,
Paints thy bells with gaudy pride ;
Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance,
Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty
To attract the roving sight ;
Nature, from her varied wardrobe
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
Thy soft form in sweetness grows ;
Not more fair the valley's treasure,
Not more sweet her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
Simply are thy blossoms drest ;

Artless as the gentle virtues,
Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

When to pure and timid virtue
Friendship twine's a votive wreath,
O'er the fair selected garland
Thou thy perfume soft shalt breathe.

SYBILLA.

THE DEBTOR.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear;
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear:

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah! how quick the change! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below!
Fond Hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears;
Till, unforeseen, descends the blight of Woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted; (who from fault is ever free!)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty,

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

E'en he, amid the rest, the favor'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreath that Hymen wove;

While pale-eye'd Avarice, from his sordid stand
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected Love.

Tho' deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art ;
And faintly strove, with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty, nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd, but pitied, and forgave !
Then, unrepining, yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r,
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom !
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb.

MORE.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN
CONFINED, ALL NIGHT.

OH! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;

Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's various forms,
In every form the same:

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heart-felt ease
Beneath thy roof be found,

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share;
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

MRS. BARBAULD.

FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till noticed by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble power
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near:
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis given,
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

PENROSE.

ODE TO TRUTH.

TRUTH, fairest virgin of the sky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day;

O thou, of all the cherub choir,
Best skill'd to wake the sweetest lyre,
And chaunt the softest lay.

By him, * who, 'midst his country's tears,
Undaunted heard warm Friendship's fears,
And smil'd at racks and death;
By Persia's† turban'd heroes bold,
By all the Spartan chiefs of old,
That bow'd thy shrine beneath;

By holy Virtue's vestal flame,
By laurell'd honour's splendid name,
And cheek bedimpled love;
O lift from thy majestic head
The veil that, o'er its tresses spread,
Thy fairy fingers wove!

Thee, chaste Religion's virgin breast,
And Hope with fair unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail;
Simplicity, with lilies crown,
And Innocence, untaught to frown,
And Peace that loves the vale.

* Regulus.

† "To ride, to shoot with the arrow, and to speak truth,"
were the three principal studies of the Persian youths.

The demon that usurps thy day,
And casts upon its blenish'd ray
The poison of his tongue;
O bid him from thy dazzling sight
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among!

And in the horrors of his strain,
Let Discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy paths serene;
While Guilt on ev'ry fullen wind
Starts pale, and trembling from behind,
His wild and wizard mien.

Then o'er thy flow'r-enamell'd way,
In ev'ry guileless frolic gay,
Shall sport poetic youth;
While Britain, raptur'd at the sound,
Shouts to her echoing shores around,
Peace, Liberty, and Truth. HUNT.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,

And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes :
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounties of the year ;
Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing,
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores :
Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and totling commerce sails ;
When yielding crowds attend and pleasure serves,
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves,
Ee'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the happy man, without the Mind ;
Where judgment sits, clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason, with unerring gaze ;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise ;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand ;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
Nor canst thou, Doddington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine..

THOMSON.

At forty-two, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care :
On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace ;
At fifty-six, cool reason reigns entire,
Then life burns steady, and with tem'prate fire ;
But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
Ere the unwearied mind has run her length ;
And when from seventy, age surveys its last,
Tir'd she stops short—and wishes all were past.

HILL.

THE CREATOR'S WORKSMANIFEST HIS POWER.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

H 2

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
What tho' nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine—
“ The hand that made us is Divine.”

ADDISON.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD, yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain,
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in it's bosom rise,
And speak it's nature—Man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of Sin's transmissive pow'r !)
That infant, Lord ! am I,

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Tho' long in years mature,
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what it's cure.

Author of Good ! to thee I turn :
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O! by Error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Preposterous, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

MERRICK.

INSCRIPTION FOR A RILL.

AH! not in vain we silver rills
From mossy fountains flow:
Who brawling down the vocal hills,
Leave mortals as we go.

Pictur'd in us, may mortals see,
In our incessant strife,
The toils of drear obscurity—
The toils of mortal life.

Fast, fast we run, ne'er to return,
Like time that ever flies ;
Thy fate with us, O man! then mourn,
And mourning be thou wise.

Tho' fretting on, our course we gain,
Like poor contentious pride,
Yet all our toil is not in vain,
We swell the river's tide.

From us, lone travellers of the dale,
O be it understood,
How e'en the lowliest in life's vale
May aid the common good!

BIDLAKE.

HYMN FOR MORNING,

SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below ;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night ;

From an heart sincere and sound
From its very deepest ground :
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun :
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day ;
That, as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air ;
The sacred spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams upon thy breast ;
And kindly clear it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin ;
And shine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care :
From the lap of Night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings ;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd ;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.

And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast ;

Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day ;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet :
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

O, Giver of Eternal Bliss,
Grant, heavenly Father! grant me this ;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee ;
Who revere thy son above,
Who thy sacred spirit love.

PARNELL.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky ;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father ! also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,

And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade;
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passions rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky,
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that and leave it there;
And soar with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.
Thus while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day,
Who spake the word, and earth begun,
And shew'd its beauties in the sun;

With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection too;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to thee;
O! teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

PARNELL.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam repelling mists arise,
And Evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the God of Glory now,
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes;
Which make the weary members blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again;

And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day ;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too ;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again the new-born' light ;
His wond'rous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind ;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God and love from me ;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that steals it in desire :
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that fittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me blest,
By kindly granting its request ;
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

PARNELL.

TO MY SOUL.

FROM CHAUCER.

FAR from mankind, my weary soul retire,
Still follow truth, contentment still desire.
Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shews,
Who rolls in riches, all to Fortune owes.
Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways,
Vain is the Muse, and Envy waits on Praise.

Wav'ring as winds the breath of fortune blows,
No power can turn it, and no pray'rs compose.
Deep in some hermit's solitary cell,
Repose, and ease, and contemplation dwell.
Let conscience guide thee in the days of need;
Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.

What Heav'n bestows with thankful eyes receive;
First ask thy heart, and then thro' faith believe.

Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.

"Who wrestles in this world, receives a fall;

"Look up on high, and thank thy God for all!"

HARTE.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st the gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruits of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

DRYDEN.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day.
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

WATTS.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Through Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnæa's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;

And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!

MISS CARTER.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door;

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest-span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak;
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from the road;

For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humble shed.

O! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb!
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine—
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage;
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Moss.

MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire

Mirth and Youth, and warm Desire:

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long. MILTON.

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye ;

O seldom found, yet ever nigh,

Receive my temp'rate vow :

Not all the storms that shake the pole

Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,

And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come in simplest vest array'd,

With all thy sober cheer display'd,

To bless my longing sight ;

Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,

Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,

And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,

O gently guide my pilgrim feet

To find thy hermit-cell ;

Where in some pure and equal sky,

Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,

The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in attic vest,

And innocence, with candid breast,

And clear undaunted eye ;

And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow ;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek,
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet :
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retir'd and coy !
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale ?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose, and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale,

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway !
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day ?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid ?
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
Low whisp'ring thro' the shade.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, Amanda, gently bending,
Sweetly pensive, loves to lean
O'er the groves, her sight extending
Thro' the walks that shoot between.

Plac'd, says she, within this window
Screen'd, I distant charms survey,

Taught by poor, deceiv'd Olindo,
Nothing's safe that looks too gay.

Here, I view, in soften'd shadings,
Am'rous flow'r to flow'r incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings;
When with hanging heads they pine.

Here I smell the fragrant breezes,
Safe from evening's chilly blast ;
Here the noon-day sun-shine pleases,
Fearless when 'twill overcast.

Hence I hear the tempest rising,
See the grove's greatness shake,
Ev'ry distant ill despising,
While I every good partake.

So commanding Life's gay garden,
Let me thornless wear the rose ;
Choice like mine let Fashion pardon,
Tasting charms, but shunning woes.

HILL.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say !

Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow !

Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow !

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penuity

Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The currency of ideots. Injurious bankrupt,

That gulls the easy creditor ! To-morrow !

It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

With those who own it. No, my Horatio,

'Tis Fancy's Child, and Folly is its father ;

Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend, arrest the present moments ;

For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales ;

And tho' their flight be silent, and their path trackless

As the wing'd couriers of the air,

They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly—

K

Because, tho' station'd on th' important watch,
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
 And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive : and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit ?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings :
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more pre-
 cious

Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain !
 O ! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

COTTON.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er Nature's soft repose ;
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r;
Come, dear Amelia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amid the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell;
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And, thro' the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain, thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;

It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds :
Ah ! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds !

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of power supremely wise,
Who fancy Happiness in ought
The Hand of Heaven denies !

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd ;
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

CARTER.

THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flow'r!

The Glory of April and May!

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flow'rs of the field:

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
lost,

Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,

Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose:

But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;

Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade;

But gain a good name by well doing my duty;

This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS.

ODE TO SPRING.

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!

Thy blest return on genial wing

Inspires my languid lays :

No more I sleep in sloth supine,

When all creation at thy shrine

Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing pow'r,

Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r ;

And, foremost of the train,

By Nature, artless handmaid, drest,

The snow-drop comes in lily'd vest,

Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,

And ev'ry loud and sprightly note

Calls echo from his cell:

Be warn'd, ye maids, that listen round,

A beauteous nymph became a sound—

The nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,

Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine,

Their infant buds display :

Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which Winter bound in icy chains,
And sparkling blest his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground,
With Nature's varied hue;
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The springs of life renew!

The sun's too quick revolving beam
Apace dissolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour;
Too late we catch the parting ray,
And mourn the idly wasted day
No longer in our power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,
A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

MISS CARTER.

THE PRISON.

O, WELCOME Debtor ! in these walls,
Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego ;
Approach ; a brother Debtor calls,
And join the family of Woe !

Did Fortune with her frowning brow
Thy late and early toils withstand ?
Or Slander strike the fatal blow,
Or griping Us'ry's iron hand ?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
While weeping babes surround her bed,
Peep thro' and see the fetters bind
Those hands, that earn'd their daily bread ?

Does she in vain, on knees that bend,
The marble heart of Wealth implore ?
Breathless pursue some flying friend,
Or beat in vain the closing door ?

Look up, and share our scanty meal ;
For us some brighter hours may flow ;
Some angel break these bolts of steel,
For Howard marks and feels our woe.

DARWIN.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT eye of pensive Eve ! resplendent orb,
That o'er the misty mountains shine'st clear ;
Like a rich gem,
Upon an Æthiop's brow !

Thy lamp serene, my now benighted steps
Direct to that blest spot where dwells my fair,
Twin rivals who can boast
More bright, more pure than thee.

For not thy lovely light, that kindly cheers
The sullen frown of unpropitious Night,
Is half so sweet as truth,
That beams in beauty's eyes.

Not all the little waking elves, that rise
From out their rosy bowers of velvet buds,
Where they had slept the day,
To dance thy rays beneath,

Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou
With radiant lustre shew'st the happy hour,
That leads from scenes of care
To still domestic bliss.

BIDLAKE.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden Age, when new-born Day,
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
When God with pleasure all his works survey'd,
And virgin Innocence before him play'd,
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing:
Descending angels in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
The Muse's loss, since Eden was no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa fled,
And sought protection in her native sky;
In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the Bard, in lofty strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
Thro' parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
She gave the rapt'rous ode, whose ardent lay,
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sifera;
She tun'd to pious notes the Psalmist's lyre,
And filled Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's
fire!

HUGHES.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well-bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain !
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,
Thro' all his art we view ;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

OF all the springs within the mind,
 Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find,
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end,
 Such rev'rence to the public bears;
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight,
 Without delight in glorious deeds?
 What man a charming voice can slight,
 Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
 More, than on Virtue, praise depends;

To which, of course, its real price,
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which in character the fame,
Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

AKENSIDE.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SOFT sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod!
Extend thy silent soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.

L

Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy ;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king :
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train,
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace ;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

SMOLLETT.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH! heavenly-born ! in deepest cells
If fairest Science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave ;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets-lave.

For melancholy ever reigns,
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light,
 While Dian, huntress of the yales,
 Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Tho' wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet goddess, yet the way explore,
 With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd;
 Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine
 Untaught, 'not uninspir'd to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
 To moralize the human thought
 Of mad Opinion's maze,
 To erring zeal they gave new laws,
 Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause,
 That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
 Or bid an hundred sons be born,
 To hecatomb the year ;

Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
 In vain the Zodiac system rolls,
 In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
 Bring swift Philosophy along
 In metaphysic dreams ;
 While raptur'd bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold,
 In Heliconian streams.

SWIFT.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause, least understood ;
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind :

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;

And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives—
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O, lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done:

To thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all beings raise!
 All Nature's incense rise!

Porg.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

HOW long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the Passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight?
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness, but there!
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,

So kind a love his mercies shew,
So kind, and more extremely so.
Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater graife)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days:
Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But bring them closer still to thee.

PARNELL.

RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunders shake the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

Thy mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still—
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' Inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,

Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

CHATTERTON,

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both strength and
skill,

Dext'rous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretensions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: tho' still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humble mind,
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay:
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet such the subject, various, and so high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundless power!
And that as boundless goodness shining more!
All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
Oh, where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know the more,
Let me in silent reverence adore;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling thee!

SHEFFIELD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odour lost, their colours past;

She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her Garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek:

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell;
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely Moralist said;
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

"Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one!
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

“ Such as he is, who died to day ;
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :

Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe’s sorrow.”

PRIOR.

THE HUSBANDMAN’S MEDITATION IN THE FIELDS.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
O’er breaking clods, the ploughshare’s way,
Lord, teach my mental eye to view
My native dissoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hands prepar’d me for the birth,
Whose breath inform’d, and bade me live.

Pleas’d I behold the stately stem,
Support his bearded honour’s load ;
Thus, Lord, sustain’d by thee I came
To manhood, thro’ youth’s dangerous road.

M

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baneful root behind.

When blight destroys the opening ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's sickle yields;
And I beneath Death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forfake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for awhile, to service dead;
Thy emblem this, Oh Grave! affords
The path of life, which all must tread.

ANON.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat,
Where all is silent, all is sweet !
Here Contemplation primes her wings,
The raptur'd Muse more sweetly sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers,
Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
Thro' airy walks, and museful groves ;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see !
In this Elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright ;
Time steals away, and sooths his flight,
And Thought's bewilder'd in delight. }
Where are the crowds I saw of late ?
What are those tales of Europe's fate ?
Of marching armies, distant wars ;
Of factions and domestic jars ?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more ;
Or some romance, read lately o'er ;

Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priani's proud House, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose;
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to soothe my mind;
Or waking let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give:
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till from Time's narrow shore set free,
It mingle with th' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

HUGHES.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost.
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-House, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest,
Is any sick; the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uselefs race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue

What all so wish, but want the power to do!

Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?

What mines, to swell that boundlefs charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,

This Man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars? hide your diminish'd rays.

And what! no monument, inscription, stone,

His race, his form, his name almost unknown!

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name:

Go search it there, where to be born and die,

Of rich and poor makes all the history;

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;

Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

POPE.

ON TIME.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine,
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
Time.

M 3

MILTON.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds in view
A length of happy years,
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

THE PRAISE OF THE CREATOR.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,
From her rich, o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee——for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

ON TAKING OF BIRDSNESTS.

I HAVE found out a gift for my Fair,
I have found where the Wood-Pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear !
She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

He ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;

To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid;
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

TO WISDOM.

O WISDOM! if thy soft controul
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;

Wisdom ! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear ;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh ;
Or if thine aspect stern have pow'r
To wither each poor transient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should
flow ;

Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name !
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train !
Hail to fancy's golden reign !
Festive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child !
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith, and fond surprise !
Let these, in fairy colours dress'd,
For ever share my careless breast ;
Then, tho' wise I may not be,
The wise themselves shall envy me.

MRS. BARBAULD.

N

THE FRAILITY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

GREAT Heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is
made !

How by himself insensibly betray'd !
In our own strength unhappily, secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r ;
And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way :
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll ;
Till the strong gusts of raging passions rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn :
Round our devoted heads the billows beat ;
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-
treat.

PRIOR.

AGAINST CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine
 sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose—th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field ;
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong ;
Disturbs th' œconomy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this ;—if man's convenience, health,

Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign Wisdom, made them all.

Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-tide of our years
Is soon dishonour'd, and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxurious growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.

Mercy to him that shews it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves, in pard'ning guilty man:
And he that shews none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

COWPER.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will !
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy strain,
And my first off'rings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys ;
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

A CONTEMPLATION.

O NATURE! 'grateful for the gifts of mind,
Duteous, I bend before thy holy shrine :
To other hands be Fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.

Bring gentlest Love, bring Fancy to my breast ;
And if wild Genius, in his devious way,
Would sometimes deign to be my evening guest,
Or hear my lone shade not unkindly stray ;

I ask no more ! for happier gifts than these,
The sufferer, man, was never born to prove,
But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
If lost to Genius, Fancy, and to Love !

LANGHORNE.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;

And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day-and-night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! Eternity's too short,
To utter all thy Praise.

ADDISON.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

Here's not a sin that we commit;
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful Book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd ther.?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look :

Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book,

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt,

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And write down every fault.

WATTS,

HYMN.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space;

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch ;
Or starry poles were rear'd ;

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun ;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun ;

Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung :

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of Life !
Thy glory, was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When from her orb the moon shall start;
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
 And all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake ;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

MRS. ROWE.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

○ THOU great arbiter of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow ;
 To drink the spirit of the golden day ;
 And triumph in existence ; and couldst know
 No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing ! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown.

I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs !
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee !

YOUNG.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Av'rice painful vigils keep ;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more :
O ! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys !
To purchase Heav'n has gold the pow'r ?
Can gold remove the mortal hour ?
In life can Love be bought with gold ?
Are Friendship's pleasures to be sold ?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind ;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE SIXTH
CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheeks descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh ! let me listen to the words of life !
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
“ Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears ;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?
Behold ! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong ;
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain ;
To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain ;

He hears the gay, and the distressful call;
And with unsparing bounty fills them all."

"Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race:
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!"

"If, ceaseless, thus, the fowls of heav'n he feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?"

THOMSON.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely Pow'er! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress:
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:

O 2

Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph ! and range the mead with
me,

To spring the partridge from the guileless foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering
gleam,

Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,

To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping Age.

So when the general spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

ANON.

TO CONTENTMENT.

SEQUESTER'D far from public life ;
From giddy mirth, and noisy strife ;
From headstrong passions, vain desires ;
From envy, pride, and guilty fires ;
From cares and fears for ever free,
O, sweet CONTENTMENT, let me live with thee !

Thine are the joys that never fail ;
Thine is the placid, constant gale,
That bids us smile at frequent shocks
Of dang'rous fyrts, and talent rocks ;
And since I crave thy smiles alone,
Come, in my breast erect thy lucid throne !

O 3

GOLCONDA's gems, and flaming mines,
Where, deep from day, the diamond shines ;
PERUVIAN mountains' richest ore,
And treasures of the golden shore,
Afford no bliss dévoid of thee,
At best more fair, more splendid misery.

The palace deck'd with regal state,
The gay parade of all the great,
The laurel wreath, the sounding name,
Ambition's wish, and deathless fame,
Without thee as a constant guest,
Leave their possessors, joyless and unblest.

What's thy delight, CONTENTMENT, say !
With what condition wilt thou stay ?
If grandeur often woos in vain,
Wilt thou adorn the rural plain ?
Wilt thou vouchsafe to gild the cot
Where poverty obtains its still unenvied lot ?

'Tis here I see thy splendours beam ;
'Tis here thou roll'st thy clearest stream ;
'Tis here thou sheddest, in disguise,
The purest joys beneath the skies ;
And from thy liberal hands here flow
Such sweets as sceptred monarchs never know.

Come, then, instruct me how to steer,
Through smiling fortune and severe !
With thee, the turf-built cot would please—
The flow'ry banks, and shady trees ;
And for thy smiles, thou nymph divine !
I'd high pursuits, without a sigh, resign.

MAVOR.

NOTHING FORMED IN VAIN.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if, upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded schemes of
things ;

Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfault'ring accent to conclude,
That This availeth nothing? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down
From infinite perfection, to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling,
turns?

Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THOMSON.

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, Peace of Mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest .

Once more in this sad heart :
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From Av'rice and Ambition free,
And Pleasure's fatal wiles;

For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make;
And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove, and the sequester'd shade,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted; thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
“Farewell! we meet no more?”

COWPER

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF JOB PARAPHRASED.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will?

Shall this high privilege to clay be given ?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven ?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan ?
Oppose Heaven's awful majesty to man ?
To what a length his vast dimensions run !
How far beyond the journeys of the sun !
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky :
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.
Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above ;
High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies :
From their bright arms incessant splendours stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.
To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air :
For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
From his bright barrier to his western goal.
How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his judge, and combat with his God ?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untinged from the womb ?
The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver moon.

Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train.
Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast,
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the
dust.

PITT.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all gracious Providence!

Can I deserve thy care?

Ah! no! I've not the least pretence
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still

From dangers and from death;

Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill,

E'er since thou gav'st me breath?

I live once more, to see the day
That brought me first to light;
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

The' dazzling splendor, pomp, and shew,
My fortune has denied;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And, that I'm blest'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

ANON.

ON ETERNITY.

WHAT is Eternity? can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell ev'ry light-wing'd mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds,
That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when Spring propitious leads
The new-born year; tell all the drops
That night, upon their bended tops,
Sheds in soft silence, to display
Their beauties with the rising day;
Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves;
Or tell with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains;
Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,

P

Thro' all time's long protracted tour,
From Adam to the present hour ;
Still short the sum, nor can it vie
With the more num'rous years that lie }
Embosom'd in Eternity.

Was there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main ;
With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
Without one cypher in the score ;
And would your lab'ring thought assign
The total of the crowded line ;
How scant th' amount ! th' attempt how
vain !

To reach Duration's endless chain !
For when as many years are run,
Unbounded age is but begun.
Attend, O man, with awe divine,
For this Eternity is thine !

GIBBONS.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung ;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define ;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth :
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;
Or had I faith, like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law :
Yet gracious Charity ! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer ;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice ;—
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind.
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile Shame and arbitrary Pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives ;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.

Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on Man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows ;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show ;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope ;
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.

Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the Host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR.

THE PRIZE OF VIRTUE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach-and-six?
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet fight'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife!
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires for a godlike mind;
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a Saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

POPE.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd :
He begg'd a wife ; his pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing ;
For how precarious is the blessing !
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view ;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r and beauty.
Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r ;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care ;
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire :
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend !
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a father's blest.
Jove smiles and grants his full request.

The first, -a miser at his heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes or sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew:
The thriving arts of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.
Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette his suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him heaven and fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek Virtue: and, of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest.

GAY.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE SANDS AT
CROMER, IN NORFOLK.

THOU emblem of the youthful breast!
Thoughts, fair or foul, may be impress'd
On thy smooth face; but not like thee,
Can youth's once tainted mind be free,
Nor foul be fair with the next tide,
The mind's pollution must abide:
Alas! if that pure shrine you stain,
Seas cannot wash it white again:
Guardians of youth, then, O take care!
Th' impressions that ye give be fair.

PRATT.

THE SNAIL AND THE FROG.

A FABLE.

THE constant drop will wear the stone:—
The slow but sure in time get on.
One morning when the vernal flowers
Open'd their cups to drink the showers,
Ere sluggard man had left his bed,
Or 'danger'd reptiles by his tread,
A brisk young frog, intent to stray,
Along a garden took his way,

And as he bounded, full of glee,
A creeping snail he chanc'd to see:
"You lazy animal," he cried,
"Emblem of bloated stately pride,
That scarce can crawl or move along,
For fear of jostling in the throng,
When do you fancy, at this pace,
You'll reach the object of your chase?
No doubt yon lettuce tempts your view,
Or yon ripe plum of glossy blue;
But ere you come within their sphere,
The keen-ey'd gard'ner will be here;
While I upon yon flowery bank,
With early dew so fresh and dank,
Shall soon be lodg'd, and find my prey
Sufficient for the longest day:"—
"Softly but slowly," said the snail,
"Not speed but diligence prevail."
The frog leap'd on—bade snail good morrow,
And deem'd its life a scene of sorrow.
Diverted from th' intended route,
Now here, now there, he hopp'd in doubt.
"That bed will copious stores supply,
This bank I find too hard, too dry;
Again I'll shift; for, free to change,
O'er all the garden soon I'll range;

And when I quite can suit my taste,
Then is the time to feed and rest."
Thus hast'ning with unsteady aim,
From bad to worse, in quest of game,
Again he cross'd the steady snail,
Just as it gain'd the propping rail
On which the downy plum repos'd,
The object which its journey clos'd.
"Ah, friend!" in turn the snail exclaim'd,
"What's this I see! the bank you nam'd
Is still unreach'd—though slow my pace,
I've beat you hollow in the race.
You hopping, vain, unsettled thing,
Lo, what avails your length of spring?—
Had you like me pursu'd the line,
Unchanging from your first design,
Ere now you might have gain'd a cover,
And fed as I now do in clover.

MORAL.

The desultory miss the mark,
The steady find it in the dark.
To perseverance all submit,
And dulness wins the prize from wit.

MAVOR.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above the heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternian run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

VERSES ON A TEAR.

OH ! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crySTALLize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye !
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Whoever fly't to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of Love, or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The Sage's and the Poet's theme,
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age:
Thou charm'ft in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law-preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hills ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;

* The Law of Gravitation.

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper-spire to heav'n.

ROGERS.

FINIS.

Printed by J. Crowder and E. Hemsted, Warwick-Square.

Ph. Ware
1880

DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

A TALE.



DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

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DOMESTIC

C O M F O R T S.

A Tale,

FOUNDED ON FACTS,

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

MRS. FRANCES KELLY.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE

Minerva-Press,

FOR LANE, NEWMAN, AND CO.

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1867.

TO ONE,

Whose tender Affection has ever been my Pride
and my Pleasure ; whose Advice has cheered
and comforted me in Affliction ; and
whose friendly and cordial Participa-
tion has added to all my Joys ;

TO HER,

Whom no Misfortunes have been able to alienate,
no Adversity to cool ;

TO MY

COMPANION, FRIEND, & SISTER,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,

By her truly affectionate,

FRANCES KELLY.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is very far from my intention to detain my youthful readers, and delay the pleasure I hope they will receive from the perusal of the following "Tale, founded on facts ;"

facts ;” yet do I think it necessary to observe, that my wishes, in publishing this little work, are to render instruction agreeable, to point out the real satisfaction a virtuous mind must feel, in the performance of its duties, and how interesting and amiable, docile and affectionate children will always appear.

Had Mrs. Smith continued her works for the use of young people; this had never made its appearance; yet

yet I have not the vanity to offer it as a substitute for the productions of that charming writer. Report tells us she is in happier circumstances than formerly ; if so, I heartily rejoice in it : if, on the contrary, her health has sunk under the pressure of misfortune and affliction, I truly sympathize in her sorrows ; and would fain (were it within my power) comfort and console her. I do not presume to
compare

compare this work to Mrs. Smith's "Minor Morals," or to either of her two former works on the same plan; deprived of such books, I only wish that "Domestic Comforts" may be read with pleasure and improvement by some—for is not the weary traveller, when no longer enlivened by the sun, cheered, even with the paler and less brilliant light of the moon?

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC COMFORTS.



A VERY few years since, there lived in Cornwall a family of the name of Belfield, who had formerly been amongst the noblest of this country, as it still was of the most ancient. The widow of a gallant officer, with her large family, were now all that were

were left, to transmit to posterity a name once so noble, and still so unblemished.

Colonel Belfield had been killed in his country's service; and as soon as his young and lovely widow was so far restored to that health, which had materially suffered from her deep grief for the loss of a beloved and excellent husband, she resolved on quitting London, where she had resided during the Colonel's absence, and on retiring to Belfield House, to superintend the education of her children—she had six.

The eldest of these, Elinor, was, at
the

the death of her father, just thirteen, a tall and very fine girl, of amiable disposition, and excellent understanding. The second was a son, named Edmund, a twelvemonth younger, who was heir to a noble estate ; he was eager and ardent in his temper, yet easily persuaded by his mother's arguments, though not so easily would he yield to the commands of his tutor. The third was a girl, named Anna ; and the fourth Eliza : these two were twin-sisters, and so alike, both in person and disposition, that it would have been difficult indeed to distinguish one from the other, had it not been for a

B

small

small mole near the right eye of Eliza: they were mild, beautiful, and fondly attached to their mother and family, docile, attentive, and sensible. The fifth, George, was a bold fine boy of nine, with first-rate understanding and warm heart, but with very many faults, that needed a careful hand to correct them. The youngest, Laura, was a perfect cherub; she was only four years old, and though a universal favourite, gave promise of every endearing quality of the head and heart.

It is necessary to speak also of other parts of this family, and two principal persons must be mentioned with great respect,

respect, for their worth and talents demand much deference—Mr. Churchill, a worthy clergyman, about fifty years of age, who had met with many misfortunes in life, and his amiable and accomplished wife : they had lost their only child, a daughter, in a most melancholy way. From a principle of gratitude and attachment to a family from whom they had received the kindest attentions and most liberal assistance in the day of need, this excellent couple, with pleasure, undertook to assist, in the pleasing, but arduous task of education, their friend and their benefactress ; and with her and

her charming family, bent their way for Belfield.

Without any material accident they arrived at Bath, and some of her young people being of an age to partake of a few of the amusements that place affords; and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill having a near relation, a very respectable merchant then there, Mrs. Belfield agreed to remain a week, with a view to satisfy Edmund's eager desire of seeing *every thing*, as he termed it; and they were soon settled in elegant lodgings.

This amiable family spent their time in seeing whatever was worthy of their
notice

notice in that gay city. Elinor and Edmund, with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, went twice to the Theatre; and Anna, Eliza, and George, were permitted to see a favourite pantomime. Mrs. Belfield had now no pleasure in any amusements of this kind, yet was she cheerful, resigned, and grateful.

When the time arrived for leaving Bath, not one of the party felt the smallest regret—the young folks skipped into the carriage with the utmost glee, enquiring if indeed they should be at dear Belfield the next day. Mr. Churchill had with him an excellent book of roads and descriptions of every

B 3 gentleman's

gentleman's seat, and of every thing worth notice in the road, which he took great delight in explaining to his young pupils and their sisters.

The family had been absent from Belfield above three years, and in that time what a loss had they sustained! As they approached it, how many tender recollections crowded on their minds! and after the last exchange of horses, Mrs. Belfield wished to travel quite alone, but was prevailed on by her considerate friends, to suffer Elinor to accompany her, they thinking the presence of this dear and feeling girl might

might be at once a comfort and restraint.

Some of the children were too young, on their leaving Belfield, to remember much of it; and little Laura was quite an infant. The elder ones promised themselves great pleasure in shewing every little beauty to their companions; but the damp their affectionate hearts felt, on witnessing their beloved mamma's pale and dejected countenance, which grew still paler every mile they drove, quite took from them their gaiety; their spirits were gone, and they dared not speak, lest they should add to her affliction.

Sensible

Sensible of the injury her children might suffer in their health, this truly good mother endeavoured to restrain her emotion, and to appear at least tranquil. An old servant, who had attended Colonel Belfield from his first entering the army, whose father was butler to General Belfield, had been wounded at the same time his master was, but not mortally; he had been sent down to Belfield, to be nursed and attended with the utmost care, immediately on his return to England, and was now tolerably restored to health; but he still mourned his beloved master.

About

About a mile from Belfield, this trusty servant (who had been all day expecting his mistress and young master) had posted himself, to catch a glimpse of them a little sooner than his fellow-servants. Mrs. Belfield, who, with her daughter, was in the first carriage, descried the faithful Jones, as they turned into the Park, and, unable to restrain her emotion, she heaved a deep groan and fainted. Poor Elinor called instantly to the postillion to stop, and resting her mother's head carefully on her shoulder, strove, by salts and hartshorn, to restore her to her senses. Poor Jones came
to

to the carriage, and opening the door, respectfully desired permission to bear his dear Lady into the air. Elinor felt that the unexpected sight of the good man had caused her mother's illness, but she had no heart to wound him by telling him this; she gently opposed his intention, but advised his fetching a little water, which she thought would soon revive her mamma. Jones made all possible haste to procure the water, but as he could only walk very slowly, in consequence of the wound in his leg, Mrs. Belfield was perfectly recovered before his return, and having called all her fortitude

tude to her aid, received his honest welcome with tolerable composure.

Arrived at the house, she left her children, and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, to receive the honest and respectful homage of her domestics, and retired to her chamber, to pray for that fortitude she could hope to derive from no other source but pious resignation : she took some little refreshment in the course of the evening, saw Elinor and Mr. Churchill for a moment at the door of her dressing-room, but promised to join them all in the breakfast-room on the morrow.

She

She was punctual to her promise, and although pale, and evidently struggling with her feelings, she from this time appeared tranquil, and often cheerful.

The family being recovered from their fatigue and settled in their former apartments, the plan of education to be pursued was finally determined on, and order, regularity, and harmony, were established.

Mrs. Belfield's fortune was not large, and her jointure was considered small, in comparison to the family estate, which was upwards, at that time, of four thousand a-year, and capable of very great improvement. Mr.
Churchill,

Churchill, and a counsellor of great eminence, were named by Colonel Belfield as guardians, with their mother, to his children, and one thousand a-year to be appropriated to Edmund's education and support, until he was eighteen; from that period, until he came of age, his mother had it in her power to increase this allowance to two thousand pounds. The younger boy was to have his mother's fortune, fifteen thousand pounds, agreeable to the marriage-settlement, and the daughters each ten thousand pounds. One thousand a-year out of the estate, was to be paid for the education and

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support

support of the five younger children for six years; and twelve hundred a-year was her jointure.

The house was a large old-fashioned building, the park and grounds extensive, and the establishment was, in every respect, handsome and genteel, if not splendid.

Now the dear master of this family was no more, many parts of her establishment were superfluous, if not useless; she therefore gave away, to a near neighbour, a fine pack of hounds, and disposed of several high-priced hunters; she retained only one carriage, a coach, and a garden chair. Two
grooms

grooms and a helper she discharged ; and for the under butler she procured a good service. Poor Jones, the Colonel's own man, she kept to attend entirely on herself and daughters, as she was gratified in having him always about her person.

A much larger volume than this, would not contain a full account of all this excellent woman's prudent regulations ; and while many a young widow was wasting her time and her childrens' property, as far as in her power, depriving them of her maternal attentions, and tender instructions,

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leaving

leaving them to be taught or not as chance, or the principles of those she hires to teach them, dictates, flying from one public place to another in search of admirers, or of amusement, destroying her health, if not injuring her character—the lovely Mrs. Bel-field, at the age of thirty, with her beauty unimpaired, and her mind ripened to the highest perfection, devoted all her time to her children and her God.

It is as a bright example to other mothers, that I have selected this *true tale*, and as an example to all children,

I am

I am about to give some particulars of the progress of these amiable childrens' improvements.

In this happy family, the morning duties being first paid to the Giver of all Good, it was usual for the young people to take an hour's walk, when the season permitted, the boys with Mr. Churchill, and the girls with their mother or Mrs. Churchill, and sometimes with both ; and indeed very often the two parties joined, as Mrs. Belfield was solicitous to give her children habits of early rising, and of being, as much as possible, in each other's society. At breakfast, the children

c 3

dren were suffered to make remarks on any thing they had observed in their walk, and to ask questions. After breakfast, they played for an hour or more, at what they chose themselves, attended by the faithful Jones, and Mrs. Martha, a niece of the house-keeper, who had been in the family since the birth of Elinor; and in this hour, as it was what they called their *own time*, many of their little schemes of benevolence were put in practice. When this hour was expired, they attended Mr. and Mrs. Charchill, and received their lessons; they continued together an hour, when the young gentlemen

gentlemen retired with their good tutor, to receive his instructions in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, during which time the young ladies worked; their Music and Drawing lessons were taken altogether in the afternoon; and then too they were allowed to speak only in French.

Elinor and Edmund always dined with Mrs. Belfield, and the sweet twins every other day: George was sometimes permitted that pleasure, but not so often as he might have been, had he had a little more steadiness and mildness about him: little Laura had
a seat

a seat next mamma on Sunday, and on all birth-days, and behaved sweetly.

You are now to suppose, that this happy family have been settled at Belfield considerably more than a twelve-month ; and though the elder children had not thrown off the remembrance of their dear indulgent father with their mourning, the younger ones thought not of care or sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill bore their heavy losses like Christians ; and Mrs. Belfield was most grateful for the blessings still left her ; yet could not, when she contemplated the handsome, intelligent

intelligent countenance of her eldest son, who was the very picture of his brave father, half-breathing a sigh for those she was deprived of.

I shall now describe some scenes, and bring you more intimately acquainted with my favourites, by leaving them to speak for themselves.

It was a very fine morning in June, and the birth-day of Edmund ; he was fourteen.

Time,

Time, before Six o' Clock,

MORNING.

Scene, the Lawn before the House.

Anna and Eliza were very busily employed in folding something in silver paper ; Elinor was earnestly teaching the little Laura some lines to sing under Edmund's window ; and George poring over the notes of the air which he meant to accompany her in on a very nice little flute, the gift of Elinor on his last birth-day. Elinor seemed to have left nothing undone herself, but was anxious all should be ready to greet

greet her Edmund. At length the great clock struck six ; the whole party assembled under their brother's window. Laura began her little serenade, accompanied by George's flute ; the melody of her tones were very fine, and George was attentive and quite correct ; in the chorus they were joined by Elinor, Anna, and Eliza ; and as they all chaunted forth,

Happy, happy, happy boy,

Arise and share your { sister's
brother's } joy,

Edmund flew to embrace and thank them ; he caught little Laura in his
arms,

arms, and bidding Elinor take hold of his arm, they set off to amuse themselves until breakfast.

ELINOR.

I have a present for you, Edmund; will you promise to wear it for my sake? set down Laura, and look at it.

EDMUND.

What is this, Elinor? have you indeed painted this for me? oh, good Elinor, how can I thank you! I will always wear it, when I am grown a man, but now, how can I?

LAURA.

O brother, I have made a pretty chain of ribbon, on purpose to tie it,
and

and mamma said she would hang it round your neck ; wont you like my chain as well as *Ellinor's* picture ?

ANNA and ELIZA, taking each a hand of Edmund.

ANNA.

From us you can have but one present, my brother, because we can feel that we are the same, and have no separate choice ; take then this purse ; it is our united gift ; we both worked on it equally ; say, will you love it for us ?

ELIZA.

Will you, dear Edmund ?

D

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Thank you, dear girls. I fear I am too happy. You might well call me happy boy. I do not think I shall ever be so happy again, if I live fifty years more. But where is George?—here he comes, labouring with some heavy thing or another, up the terrace steps.

ELINOR.

Cannot you recollect, Edmund, what you were wishing for last week, and what you said you would buy when you could spare the money?

EDMUND.

I do not recollect *any* thing I could
4 want

want *seriously*; yet I did say I should like a camp and fortifications in wood—but they are eighteen shillings a-set.

GEORGE, *appearing*.

No, no, my boy, I got this for sixteen shillings, and I have more money left yet—last birth-day mine was the worst present—now this cannot be the worst, because I know it is just such a thing as you like.

“ Dear boy! noble boy! good fellow!” they all exclaimed.

ELINOR.

If Jones or Martha were here, I should like a walk in the fields, brother: are either of them near, George,

p 2

do

do you know? Oh, here comes our old man: now let's set forward; I will take one of George's arms, and he can lead Laura with the other; Anna and Eliza shall be honoured with your support.

And thus the happy party proceeded, singing as they went;

Happy, happy, Happy boy,

Come and share your sister's joy.

They were just crossing a lane, and going into a meadow, Elinor was even on the stile, when a loud voice called, "Master Belfield, Master Belfield, Miss

Miss Eliza, Miss Anna, come back, come back," and Jones was seen running like a young man, still screaming, "Come back, dear young ladies, come back." Eljinor stopped, and they all turned round.

EDMUND.

What is the matter, Jones? you have quite frightened my sisters, and your looks almost frighten me. Where is your mistress? speak quick.

All the other children speaking at once.

Where is dear mamma?—tell us quickly, good Jones.

D S

JONES.

JONES.

She is better—she is well, I dare say, by this time—Miss Elinor, do not be frightened—indeed my mistress is hard by, quite recovered; as a body may say—that is, almost well—

EDMUND *and* ELINOR, *much agitated.*

Shew us the way.

EDMUND.

Elinor, take my arm ; George, come with the rest ; and mind, my good fellow, take care of little Laura—exert yourself, sister, pray do ; I am not much alarmed, and you are sensible I love our mother most tenderly—come, come,

come, in an instant, and we shall be with her.

Not in an instant, but in a few minutes, by Jones's directions, they arrived at a little cottage, and found their dear mother just recovered from a fainting fit. With the fondest solicitude, they attended and caressed her; and being tolerably restored, and George having run home to order the garden chair, at a hint from Elinor, this good mother, surrounded by her children, returned to the house. Children are usually curious, but good and amiable children will always suppress curiosity, if they feel it on such an occasion ;

casian ; or when a parent, friend, or sister, appears in danger or distress.

Arrived at the door, the dejected party were met in the hall by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, who, unacquainted with any accident, had been waiting to congratulate the family on the return of this happy day : they did not know Mrs. Belfield had left her room : how much were they alarmed, at seeing her in the chair, pale and evidently suffering from pain, though still smiling to dissipate her childrens' fears : these dear children, whom they had heard an hour before singing on the Lawn, were now looking grave and unhappy.

Mr.

Mr. Churchill advanced to Edmund, who ran first into the hall for a chair to carry his mother into the house in.

MR. CHURCHILL.

Tell me, dear Edmund, what is the matter? what accident has befallen your gracious mother? Heaven preserve her!

EDMUND.

I know nothing, dear Sir, more than yourself. My dear mother is ill, but, I trust, not dangerously so. I have sent to Mr. Brandon, and he will be here soon.

MRS. BELFIELD, *in a low voice.*

I can walk to the book-room with
my

my Edmund's arm and Elinor's : but you tremble, my son!—ah, my son, my other Belfield!—but I affect you—lead on.—Now I will rest me on the sofa, and after breakfast I will tell you my adventure.

Mr. Brandon, the apothecary, just then arrived ; he found Mrs. Belfield's wrist out of place, and very much swelled ; he did not think bleeding necessary, but bandaged the arm and hand, which caused great pain. Mrs. Belfield did not shew the least signs of suffering ; Elinor never moved from her side ; and her two sisters, encouraged by her example, with their eyes
full

full of tears, handed the linen to Mr. Brandon, their colour varying every instant. Edmund knelt on the sofa, to support his mother, and George held her other hand. Every thing being adjusted, the young folks, except Elinor, retired for a few minutes; and when they returned, and Edmund bent to her with peculiar grace and feeling for her blessing, Mrs. Belfield exclaimed,—“Bless, oh bless my son! and make him worthy of his father’s name.”

The whole family then sat down to breakfast, Elinor by her mother’s side, to assist in doing the honours of the table. After their repast,
Mrs.

Mrs. Belfield began the account of her adventure, as she called it.

“ I am satisfied of all your anxiety about me, and I cannot enough commend my young folks’ command of themselves, in not overwhelming me with enquiries. I rose earlier than usual on this happy day, dear Edmund, to join your morning ramble, but found your sisters’ impatience exceeded even mine. I followed the happy groupe, and heard a part of the affectionate and very pretty serenade. However, I thought I should surprise you agreeably, by going round by the garden walls, and bringing with me
a basket

a basket of strawberries and cherries, which the gardner had promised me for this day. You know by this I had the little close to cross, and there now lies all my fruit, and the new basket, with some beautiful roses from the greenhouse.—I fancied I heard a strange noise, and turning round, saw a furious ox, that had, I suppose, been over driven, making, with frightful haste, to the lane I knew you must all pass. I need not describe my terror—you can all feel for me. I had heard that these beasts have a particular dread of any thing thrown suddenly in their way. I spread my parasol, and fastened my

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R

shawl

shawl to it, in a moment, and flying, rather than running to the stile, got over; the beast made directly to me, and, had he passed, would have been up with my children in two minutes. With all my force, I thrust my parasol at him: the length of the stick, and the weight at its end, I suppose, was too much for my strength: I felt my hand give way. The ox, startled, galloped fiercely back, making a shocking noise. Joy, terror, and pain, overcame me, and I fainted. I know no more, until I found myself in Dame Atwood's cottage. I thought of my Elinor's fear of these beasts, and this terrified me excessively..

“ Let

“ Let the danger your mother has escaped help to make you, my good child, less fearful ; reflect on the consequences—had the beast pursued its way, no one can tell the mischief ; had your brothers flown to your relief, your younger sisters, and little Laura, who still more wanted their protection, must have been left to themselves ; and Elinor, who is wont to set them the best examples, would, most likely, have contributed to their terror. I do not, my sweet girl, intend any lecture on this blessed day ; look up then, and wipe away those tears, that do your heart so much honour. I need no

E 2

other

other promise of your sincere endeavours to conquer this weakness, as a little presence of mind is all that is wanted; and this, in general, few are more blessed with than my Elinor. I will, my dear Mrs. Churchill, have my arm put in a silk handkerchief as a sling, I think, and then I shall be as merry and as much at my ease as any one.

"Edmund, your young acquaintance from Castle Coombe, will be here to join in your fishing party; but I trust you will return to the Lawn by one o'clock, as your presence will add greatly to the pleasure of your pensioners at their repast."

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

My dear mamma, you are too good to me ; but pray do not exert yourself too much ; let us defer the concert to another day—until Elinor's birth-day, or even till Laura's ; any thing rather than fatigue you.

MRS. BELFIELD.

No, my dear boy, every thing is arranged. Lord Cecil's family cannot be put off, nor yet Mr. Onslow's ; therefore let me see you enjoy yourselves—it is my greatest happiness.

The family from Castle Coombe arrived about eleven ; it consisted of

E 3

Ladies

Ladies Sophia and Charlotte Anwyll, and their two brothers, Henry and Edward. Lord Wentworth, the eldest son, did not join the party ; he was near eighteen, and the son of a former marriage ; his mother was a first cousin of Mrs. Belfield's, and she young Arthur was very high in her favour. The other children of this family will introduce themselves very shortly : I shall only observe, that their mother too was dead ; and Lord Cecil had brought his family, at their united entreaties, into Cornwall for a few months.

A Master and Miss Onslow, children
of

of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, will likewise speak for themselves.

We are now to suppose the young party assembled in the saloon, proper compliments being past on all sides; and refreshments having been distributed among them all, to refresh them on the water, they set off, attended by the faithful Jones and another manservant, and also Mrs. Belfield's woman and Mrs. Martha.

EDMUND.

Lady Sophia, will you take my arm, and Miss Onslow the other. Come, gentlemen, assist the young ladies; see, my little Anna has already wet her

her

her feet. Pray, Jones, assist us to get the ladies into the boat. Come, George, where is your flute? Eliza, here is your mandolin. Now, who are singers amongst us?

EDWARD ANWYLL.

I like "*Hoist every sail to the breeze*;" 'tis a pretty song, and will suit us, I think; do you know it, Miss Belfield; Sophia and Charlotte can sing it if they will.

ELINOR.

I don't know the song, but remember the tune, which I think very sweet.

EDWARD ANWYLL, to Master Onslow.

This is fine playing, Master George—he puts them all out.

GEORGE,

GEORGE, *leaving off.*

And suppose I do—'tis worse in you, Sir, to talk when ladies are singing: I play as well as I can; you had better behave as well, I think.

EDWARD ANWYLL, *with a smile.*

You are warm, a little or so, my young Sir. Lend me your flute, and I will shew you how to play that tune.

GEORGE.

No, I never lend my flute.

EDWARD.

I don't want your flute—it is not so handsome a one: I lay a shilling it did not cost half-a-crown.

GEORGE.

And you would lose your wager, for I think

think it very handsome ; it is a present of my eldest sister's, and I am sure cost at least seven shillings.

EDWARD.

If I had been Miss Belfield, I would have known whether you could play better, before I gave you a flute.

ELINOR.

I gave it to my brother, Master Edward, to practise on ; he is very young to play so well as he does.

EDWARD.

You had better have given him a Jew's-harp, ha ! ha ! ha !—he would have played nicely on that.

LADY SOPHIA.

For shame, brother Edward, you always

ways spoil all our pleasure—I wish papa had not let you come—he would not, only Arthur begged you off, you know.

EDWARD.

And what occasion had you to tell every body that, my lady? I know who was in disgrace, when we went up the Tamer in papa's own barge.

HENRY.

Come, come, let us be merry now. Ned, here is some of the cake you like so. Sophy, will you sing something cheerful with Miss Onslow and Miss Anna? we will all join, little Laura and all.

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Pray sit down, Master Anwyll ; we shall get our sisters all wet ; go to the other side of the boat, I beg of you.

EDWARD.

I shant though—I like this side best because—and I will jump too. Come here, Hal—and pulling his brother to him, he made the boat incline so much that way, that Jones thought it right to interfere, and respectfully begged him to sit quiet, or they should catch no fish.

EDWARD.

Well, and what is that to you, my old boy ? mind yourself—I can do well

EDMUND.

MISS ONSLOW.

What, do you see them all dine?
How happy you are! I have never
been out without my governess or
mamma before, and I am almost four-
teen.

teen. Papa says, girls should not be trusted ; and he would not have allowed me to come without Mrs. Marlow to-day, only he thought Mrs. Belfield would not like her coming—he is always afraid of something. Are you often suffered to be out, with only that old man and that queer woman ?

ELINOR.

We are frequently out with our old and faithful attendants only, because it is not always convenient for mamma or Mrs. Churchill to be with us ; but we love to have them near us as much as possible ; and did not mamma think it proper for us to take more exercise

ercise than agrees with her health, we would all rather remain within when she cannot come out.

MISS ONSLOW.

Dear me, that is very odd now, for I am never by myself.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

And we are always almost by ourselves—our governess has always something to do—and the servants too.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

What a bore such a humdrum party is! Why, we have had no fun.

EDMUND.

I am sorry you find it so dull ; -but

F 2

you

you will find plenty of amusement soon, I hope.

EDWARD, *aside*.

I mean it, I promise you.

The boat by this time arrived at the place they set out from; and the young folks having had their pleasure so much interrupted by a grumbling boy, skipped lightly on the turf, all but poor Miss Onslow, whose elegant muslin frock the mischievous Anwyll had contrived to fasten to some part of the boat, and in jumping out, she left a large piece behind her. The poor girl, who was kept at home in the strict-
est

est subjection and fear, burst into tears at the bare idea of her mamma's anger : the young ladies offered her all the consolation in their power, and promised to help to mend it ; but still she cried in a childish manner about such an accident, while the ill-natured boy laughed outright at the fun, as he called it ; and as they stood close to the canal, endeavouring to sooth the frightened girl, he came slyly round, and giving Anna a little push, she would have fallen into the water, had she not caught by George's jacket. The warm-hearted boy called it cowardly, to frighten girls, and helping up Anna,

F 3

who

who had fallen down, told him "he would not serve a boy such a sly trick."

EDWARD.

But I would serve him worse—
youngster, take that, and learn to call
gentlemen cowards for a bit of a fro-
lic.

He then hit him in the face, and
George lifted his arm to return the
blow with interest, but his brother
caught his arm.

EDMUND.

Dear George, consider Master An-
wyll is our guest; besides, he is younger
than you; remember how pleased our
dear

dear mamma will be, when she hears of your forbearance.

GEORGE.

You are always right, brother ; but I will run home, with Anna, for if he says any thing more, I shall surely give him a drubbing—I cannot help it.

The party were somewhat discomposed by these accidents and disputes ; however, they got back to the house before one.

Miss Onslow was dressed in a frock of Elinor's, which, though rather long for her, when fastened up with a bow
of

of ribbon, looked vastly well. Edward Anwyl, fearful of having his bad conduct told to Mrs. Belfield, behaved pretty well; and the rest of the Cecil family, ashamed of their brother's tricks, strove to shew their good breeding.

The young party partook of the happiness of the village lads; they did justice to their own dinner, served in the hall; each performed some part in the concert admirably well; and every face wore a smile, all the troubles of the morning being forgotten.

Miss Onslow's frock (repaired by Mrs. Martha, who had seen and
pitied

pitied her distress at the accident) was again put on ; and Edmund led Lady Sophia to the saloon to begin the ball. Master Onslow, a sensible, steady, well-behaved boy of fifteen, wished to dance with Elinor ; she smiled her consent ; when Edward Anwyll, no longer able to wear the appearance of satisfaction, rudely said, he himself meant to dance with Miss Belfield, and surely Master Onslow would not think of preventing him.

ELINOR.

I thank you, Master Anwyll, for the preference, but I am engaged to this young gentleman ; I will dance with
you,

you, if you please, after supper ;—and away she was running to join the dance.

EDWARD, *to Onslow.*

Harkee, Sir, you don't dance with that lady.

ONSLow.

Not dance with Miss Belfield ! but indeed I will—as, I have her permission, I shall not ask your's, Master Anwyll.

EDWARD.

I say, Sir, you shall not dance with her ; I have a *right* to chuse—you will not dispute with a Lord's son, Sir.

ONSLow.

Good bye, Sir, the dance waits,—and away he flew, to join his partner—The
mischievous

mischievous Edward followed him, and coming behind Onslow, as he was asking Elinor to stand up, he slyly tript up his heels, and the astonished boy fell on his face against the chair next that on which Elinor sat; he then crept away. Poor Onslow's mouth and nose bled very much, and the girls were all very much frightened.

Mrs. Belfield, who had seen what past, first with contempt and pity at the boy's ill breeding and consequential airs, but at last with displeasure at his mischievous tricks, ordered what was necessary for Master Onslow, and retired with him for awhile.

Just

Just as she had quitted the saloon, the young Lord Wentworth came in to compliment Mrs. Belfield on her son's birth-day, and shake his cousin Edmund, whom he greatly liked, by the hand; Elinor's partner was gone, and she was the only one sitting near; he politely asked and received her hand, and went down the dance with his fair cousin. Just as they had finished it, Mrs. Belfield returned, and welcomed the young Lord, with great pleasure, to Belfield; she mentioned slightly to him, on his expressing his surprise at finding her daughter sitting by, his brother's behaviour, and he promised

inised for him both contrition and amendment.

“ But, my dear Madam,” said he,
“ you and your charming family must
pity, while you condemn the conduct
of my younger brothers and sisters:
there are many excuses to be made for
them; they, alas! have no kind mother,
or kind friend, to root out every little
weed as it springs up; and to train and
nourish every opening blossom of virtue.
These dear children will still, I hope,
make worthy men and women. How
much I wish you would speak to the
Earl, on this most important subject.
I shall leave England next month, and
it

it would give me heartfelt pleasure in my absence, if I might hope, on my return, to find my young brothers and sisters approaching something nearer to my cousins at Belfield."

A great deal more, on the same subject, at various times of the evening, passed between Lord Wentworth and Mrs. Belfield. Edward, restrained by his brother's presence, was at least quiet; and the rest of the party danced: the elder ones, after partaking a light supper, had three sets of cotillions. Elinor, as she had promised, danced with harmony and glee: they separated at eleven.

The

The morning after the ball, Lord Cecil waited on Mrs. Belfield, and renewed his earnest request that she would recommend some persons to superintend his younger childrens' education: he declared to her, that the people he had were worthy, sensible, plain people, though, he feared, not adequate to the task of educating his family as they grew up. After a long conversation, Mrs. Belfield promised to endeavour to find a proper governess, and to interest Mr. Churchill to seek for a tutor, as much like himself as possible; and, until these points could be accomplished, it was settled

• 2

that

that the young Anwylls should come every day to Belfield, and partake, with her own family, the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill's lessons.

Mrs. Belfield consented, with a sort of fear, lest her own dear children should suffer from indifferent example; but as her sons, at least, must soon leave home, the one to College, and the other for the Military Academy, she thought it best for them to be accustomed to the society of others of their own age, under her own eye, particularly as she reserved to herself the power of discontinuing the meetings at pleasure.

Master

Master and Miss Onslow were afterwards admitted to the party, at the particular request of their grandmother, who very much disapproved of the rigid system of education adopted by her son and his wife.

Here then we behold the two extremes of indulgence and severity, and here we hope to shew, how preferable and how desirable the medium is, and how insensibly the youthful mind will yield to example, when precept, alas ! so often fails.

The party consisted of twelve, and at first the strangers gave our charming Mrs. Belfield many fears for her

G 3

beloved

beloved children; and they also gave the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Churchill much unnecessary trouble. Edward Anwyl would frequently be found playing at balls or marbles with one of his father's servants, who waited to attend them in their rambles.

Let us now suppose the whole party sitting round a large table in the book room. Besides those before mentioned, a sensible discreet young woman had been engaged to assist Mrs. Churchill in inspecting the lessons and work of the young ladies.

I have said before, that the young folks were allowed to ask questions,
and

and relate any thing that had occurred to them : but in so large a circle, it was necessary to set limits to these questions, and these relations, or they might sometimes take up the time allotted to more improving subjects.

Mrs. Belfield, or Mr. or Mrs. Churchill, when any one asked a proper question, replied to it, or desired one of the young folks ; if improper, they merely said so ; and a repetition of the question would have been severely punished.

MONDAY

MONDAY MORNING.

Miss ONSLOW, *with a grave look.*

Pray, Miss Belfield, were you not extremely terrified with the thunder, last night? how dreadfully loud it was! I am so afraid of thunder!

ELINOR.

I was not afraid, Miss Onslow, though, no doubt, thunder and lightning are awful. Mamma has kindly taught us that, doing no evil, we have nothing to fear.

MR. CHURCHILL.

If Miss Onslow was as well acquainted as you are with the natural cause for thunder and lightning, she
would

would not be so much terrified at the noise.

MISS ONSLOW.

Pray, Sir, be kind enough to inform me.

MR. CHURCHILL.

Lightning is occasioned by the elastic matter in the clouds, which encounter each other in the air, and burns instantaneously like gunpowder, accompanied with that awful roll or sound which we call thunder.

LADY SOPHIA.

Oh gracious ! so thunder is nothing but sound : well, then I shall never be afraid of what are called thunder-bolts.

MR.

• MR. CHURCHILL.

That is a mistaken idea—all the danger arises from the lightning; and even that is not dangerous, when at a distance.

LADY SOPHIA.

But, dear Sir, how are we to know when it is near?

MR. CHURCHILL.

By the interval between the flash and the stroke; if the interval is considerable, it is distant, and not dangerous.

HENRY ANWYLL.

You told me the other day, Sir, when we were out when it lightned,
not

not to run under the trees in the park, which I thought would have sheltered me—I did not know why you said it was dangerous.

MR. CHURCHILL.

I was much pleased, Master Henry, with your ready obedience, and will now explain the cause of my desiring you to avoid the trees—it is because all trees very much attract lightning; and it is always better to keep in a field, or public road, if no house is near.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

Of what use can lightning be, I wonder.

MR.

MR. CHURCHILL.

It is of more use than you can yet well understand ; it consumes noxious vapours, promotes a circulation of air, it brings on rain, at a time when it is often most wanted, and cools the heat of summer.

MISS ONSLOW.

I recollect to have heard my grand-mamma often say, when it lightned, last summer, that I should not give way to childish fears, and that lightning did a great deal of good : I wanted to know why, but we were not allowed to ask questions in the parlour. Will you think me encreaching,
if

if I express a wish to know what causes the rainbow?

MRS. BELFIELD.

Never be fearful, my dear Miss Onslow, of asking questions: the rainbow, with all its beautiful colours, is occasioned by the rays of the sun, shining upon the falling drops.

MISS ONSLOW.

I thank you kindly, Ma'am.

LAURA.

Sister Elinor, please to tell Laura, why my little scissars look so nice and bright, as they are iron too, as well as the nails you told me were to-day?

H

ELINOR.

ELINOR.

Yes, my love, they are iron; but by a particular process, which you cannot now understand, they are finely wrought and polished: and, in the state the scissars are now in, it is called steel.

LAURA.

Thank'e, sister; iron is a metal—I forgot the rest you told me, except silver and gold.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Can Lady Charlotte tell you?

LADY CHARLOTTE.

I believe I can, Ma'am. There are six metals, gold, silver, copper, tin,
5 lead,

lead, and iron ; these are all dug out of the earth.

GEORGE.

Coals are also dug out of the earth, and many other things.

HENRY ANWYLL.

What else ?

EDMUND.

Quicksilver, chalk, brimstone, lime, salt, pipes, and what is usually called earthenware, marble, stone, crystals, diamonds, and magnets or load-stones, which are so peculiarly serviceable in navigation.—What an immense treasure !

H 2

EDWARD

EDWARD ANWYLL.

I often hear the huntsman say the wind is easterly, or westerly, or northerly—what does he mean?

MR. CHURCHILL.

According to the quarters from whence they blow, East, West, North, South.

EDWARD.

But how must I know which are these quarters?

MR. CHURCHILL.

If at noon you stand with your back to the sun, the East is on your *right* hand, the West on your *left*, the North directly *before* you, and consequently *behind*

behind you the South : or at night, if you stand with your face to the pole star, the East is on your *right*, the West, and the North, and South, as before.—But the dancing-master has been waiting some time, I fear.

TUESDAY MORNING.

ANNA,

We should be very much pleased, mamma, if you would allow us to look through the microscope to-day : our cousins have been telling Eliza that they never saw one.

LADY SOPHIA, *after looking through the glass.*

Well, if I did not see it, I never could
 H 3 believe

believe this little thin piece of skin, that Elinor pulled off her finger, could look so coarse and thick—such fine delicate skin as her's is; and 'tis only a hang-nail, as they call them: and this fine hair, why it looks like a great rope full of knots and holes.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

And only see this little fine needle, that Miss Onslow was working point with, why it looks like a great rusty poker. Oh mercy! I wonder how I should look in a microscope! Well I think I shall not look any more, for, as sure as can be, there are twenty live creatures,

creatures, like eels, in that little drop of vinegar.

ELINOR.

They are called *Animalcula* :—now look at this grain of salt.

MISS ONSLOW.

It is like a rock of crystal.—How extremely, dear Anna, I thank you for this morning's amusement ! how preferable to sitting all day, studying and netting purses ; I am sure my grandmamma will like to talk to me now, when she sees that I understand her a little better.

ELIZA.

We are never tired of the microscope,

scope, for we have always something new to examine.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

Come here, Belle—here is a flea off the dog—here, girls, look at this.

ANNA.

No, indeed, Master Edward ; there are two already in a glass slide—I would not have any thing hurt to look at.

EDWARD.

I did not mean any harm, Miss Anna, I will put it on Belle again—Poor Belle will not thank me though.

MARY WOOD, the young woman
who

who assists Mrs. Churchill, coming in said—

Miss Belfield, there is a woman who wishes to speak to you below.

ELINOR.

Who is she? what sort of a woman?

MARY WOOD.

She is old, and looks very ill, Ma'am.

ELINOR.

Oh mamma, may I go to her?

MRS. BELFIELD.

By all means.

EDMUND.

Who can it be? I should like to know,

know. Elinor seemed quite anxious about her.

MRS. BELFIELD.

I doubt not, my son, but it is some object of distress your good sister wishes to relieve.

EDMUND.

Dear Madam, I may do it perhaps more effectually—had I not better follow my sister?

MR. CHURCHILL.

I think it would be indelicate to intrude on Miss Belfield's charity. Was there not something peculiar in the case of the poor woman, she would not exclude her friends

friends from a share in her benevolence.

EDMUND.

Nevertheless *I think I may assist my sister, and with your permission Ma'am, I will follow Elinor.*

MRS. BELFIELD.

I think it better to wait, dear Edmund; but if you wish it, I will not prevent your going, though I had rather you staid here.

EDMUND.

I ought to have no wish but to please you—I will not move until you desire it.

MRS.

MRS. BELFIELD.

What is that strange noise? 'tis my child, my best Elinor—Heaven preserve her from harm—run, dear boy, dear Mrs. Churchill—no, I can now go—come Edmund!

Mrs. Belfield then ran down, supported by Edmund, and saw Elinor sitting on the window-seat of the hall, supported by an old and very sickly-looking woman; Elinor looked earnestly at her mother and Edmund, and whispering, cried—“Keep back Mr. and Mrs. Churchill—keep them back, oh! pray dear mamma, do, do.

Mrs.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Mary Wood, take this good woman to the housekeeper; let her have every thing possible to restore and comfort her; I will see her in an hour.

ELINOR.

In an hour! oh, say not in an hour—think of Mrs. Churchill's own Constance all that while.

EDMUND.

See, Elinor, our mother is quite overcome by your abrupt manner. Say, what of Constance Churchill, that sweet little girl I so well remember?

I

ELINOR,

ELINOR, *pointing to the woman.*

She can and will tell it all.

Mrs. Belfield sent to say she should be busy an hour or two, and that Edmund and Elinor would attend her, but that there was nothing alarming had occurred ; and ordering the poor woman a glass of wine and a biscuit, they made her sit, while she related the following little narrative, as briefly as possible :

OLD WOMAN.

Madam, when that dreadful fire was at the Dean's, you knows that all was
lost

lost and burnt, as one may say: so you must know I lived near the country-house; and so one morning, as I was going out a-milking, what should I see but a poor young girl, with her clothes all singed, running about and singing like a wild one; so I asked her to come in a bit—but she kept singing: so at last, as I took some milk up, she run to me, whipt up the pail, and did drink to be sure: so I got her in the house, and put her to bed, and there I nursed her this many a day: but she was quite crazed, poor thing; yet she had so many winning ways, I never could bear to send her to the work-house,

1 2

house, as my son wanted me to do : so my son scolded with me, and at last he said he would work for me, but for no mad stranger girls, not he : so, Madam, he went away, and so then I grieved and fretted, and the poor girl cried too, she did ; but all her cry was about the Church Hill : so when it was a fine day, it was four years from the time I first brought her home, perhaps, thinks I, it may ease her mind to walk up our Church Hill a bit ; so I goes up with her—" Here, dear," said I, " this is our Church Hill ;" so with that she gives a great scream, and down she falls in a swoond ;

swooned; but after a while when she came to herself, she cried—" Ah, I am Churchill, poor Constance Churchill, that was buried in the ruins, where my dear father and mother lie:" so then she cried the more. Well, to make short of my story, Madam, from that day she was in her proper senses, only melancholy; and she helped me to work, and was the most kind-hearted girl I ever seed; but she was not like us poor folks, though she did not seem to make herself above us. So my son, after rambling about harvesting, when he came back to Kent, told us a power of

I S

news;

news; amongst the rest, he told us of being at Combe, and at Belfield, in hay-harvest, down in Cornwall. "*Belfield, Belfield,*" said the poor child—"oh say it again! who, who was there?" So my son could not tell us, only a power of fine young ladies and gentlemen: so she begged and prayed, and promised me such fine things, if I would come with her to Belfield; and near two months have we been a coming; our poor feet bare, and not a farthing in our pockets, though I sold my cow and all my little matters, that came to a matter of sixteen pounds and more; and just as we got
to

to t'other parish, she quite knocked up; I stayed a little by her, and got her a little broth- with selling my apron: and now, if you are not the dear merciful lady she says you are, why I must go and die with my poor child, as I calls her, for I will never desert her now.

EDMUND, *rising and taking the old woman by the hand.*

Excellent creature! worthy woman! you shall never leave her: all the world can afford of comfort, you shall possess. Dear mother, I will order the coach.

ELINOR.

ELINOR.

I will have pillows put in it. May I go, dear mother, with Mary Wood and Jones? I am impatient until I embrace my playfellow and favourite.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Do, my child; Edmund will follow. In the mean time, I will strive to appear tranquil before our friends, whom I will not quit for fear of a surprise. But see, the good soul, that poor woman, though feeble, old, and almost famished, is running across the lawn, eager to convey joyful news; she must certainly be one of the best creatures in the world.

In

In about an hour the coach returned, and in it came the long-lost Constance, altered indeed, but still lovely, mild, and interesting: she was not more than thirteen, and did not appear above ten: she, however, perfectly remembered Elinor; but had not the most distant idea of her parents having survived the dreadful fire. When she first saw Mrs. Belfield, she exclaimed in the most moving tone, "Will you now be a mother to me? how dreadful, alas! the fate of my own dear mother, and my honoured tender father!"

Mrs. Belfield assured her of her constant

stant and unremitting tenderness, and of Elinor's sisterly love, and her other little friends that she remembered.

Elinor had told her, on her enquiry for her father, of their loss, fearing a mention of him might distress her mother.

Old dame Bradshaw was always near her; and now ~~dressed~~ neatly, and rested from her fatigue, looked as truly respectable as she was.

Miss Churchill had medical assistance immediately; but it was agreed, her sovereign cure, the knowledge of her parents being living, should be broke to her as soon as possible.

With

With infinite tenderness and caution, she was led first to think that the same Providence which had preserved her, might have likewise saved her parents, and that one day she might hear of them.

In the evening, when their young pupils were dispersed, and only Edmund was present, Mrs. Belfield pretended to have had a dream, that had made a great impression on her mind.

“And what was this dream, my dear friend?” said Mrs. Churchill.

“Why,” said Mrs. Belfield, very seriously, “I dreamed your loved Constance

stance had been saved from the fire." (She watched the countenance of her friend, saw it change from pale to red, from red to pale). "I dreamed too, that she would soon come amongst us, and would constitute your happiness and pride."

EDMUND.

I dreamed too, I saw Constance, I — (Here Mr. Churchill gave a long deep groan, clasped his hand in agony, and sat sadly, deeply musing.)

MRS. CHURCHILL, *quick rising and speaking with extreme energy and agitation.*

Say on, Edmund, say on, my friend;
your

your looks declare more than your words—speak, say, does not my child live—Elinor's emotion was caused by joy—oh, too much such joy will burst my heart.

MRS. BELFIELD.

She lives! she lives! be satisfied.

MR. CHURCHILL.

Oh—repeat the blessed sounds, say again my Constance lives—my God, I thank you.

Let us now leave this worthy couple to their well-merited happiness. Having felt ~~their~~ loss most severely, most fervently they felt their felicity. In the course of the day they folded their

K new-

new-found treasure to their hearts, and with little less warmth did they press the excellent Bradshaw, who, caressed and honoured, was almost beside herself with joy.

With their child Mr. Churchill became again possessed of a noble fortune, which fell to another branch of the family on the supposed death of their child, as, by the will of an uncle, it was only theirs in trust for her.

No consideration would induce them to leave their friend Mrs. Belfield, and they determined to shew her, by their actions, the warm and grateful

grateful remembrance they had of all her kindnesses.

Constance improved in health daily, and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill received the congratulations of the neighbourhood, who revered and loved them.

Poor old Bradshaw became a person of great consequence, and was ever treated by Constance and her parents more as a friend (for such indeed she had ever shewn herself) than as an inferior.

It is natural to suppose that Miss Churchill had lost much time; indeed her mind seemed, at first, to be a perfect blank, from the long and severe

K 2

malady

malady with which she had been afflicted ; but by degrees, as her strength of body increased, her mind unfolded itself ; and her delighted parents observed, with a gratitude too powerful to be expressed, traces of former information which she had received from them, previous to the ever regretted and melancholy accident.

After a few weeks set apart for enjoying the dear delight of looking at, and talking to, their Constance, the whole party, with this addition, assembled in the back room, where Mrs. Bradshaw was admitted whenever she

liked ; and this worthy creature would sit whole hours, gazing on her dear child, as she still called her, surrounded by her friends and delighted parents, blest with every comfort, and graced with every elegance ; sometimes, quite overcome with her feelings, the good old woman would throw herself on her knees to Mrs. Belfield, and declare that she was an angel upon earth.

Constance Churchill, before the sad, sad accident, was thought a very sensible, and certainly was a very lovely child ; impertinent people thought

K 3 her

her spoiled and pert, but no one, that knew her, ever doubted the goodness of her heart: she was now gentle, even to timidity; and although it might be daily observed that the melancholy, so long hanging about her, was wearing off, it was long before she was heard to laugh, or join in the gaiety and little amusements of her companions.

We will now return to the morning parties, so long interrupted.

CONSTANCE.

I think, mamma, you have told me that the paper I am drawing on is made of old linen rags; I do not understand

derstand how it is possible—will you inform me?

MRS. CHURCHILL.

It is first torn with a mill full of spikes, very fine, and, after being washed and ground, they make of it a pulp or paste, with water or glue, and pour it in flat moulds, from which, after being dried and pressed, it is sorted, and being put up in quires, is sent to the stationers. The coarser rags make the coarser paper. You understand, my dear, that linen is first made from flax.

CONSTANCE.

I believe I do:—is not Ireland famous for very fine linen?

MRS.

MRS. CHURCHILL.

Yes, it is—and now we are on this subject, it reminds me of a former method your young friends here had of entertaining themselves, by naming some of the principal productions of the four quarters of the world.

EDMUND.

Shall I lead the way? first, then, from South America (generally by way of Spain) we receive gold, silver, quicksilver, Peruvian bark, and balsam of Peru; immediately from Surinam, cocoa, cotton, and coffee.

GEORGE.

From North America we have tobacco,

bacco, pipe-staves, skins, furs, tar, pitch, and rosin.

ELIZA.

From the West Indies, rice, sugar, coffee, cotton, and indigo.

ANNA.

From the East Indies, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs and pepper, tea, china, japan ware, and silks.

HENRY ANWYLL.

From Africa, gold dust, ivory, olives, palm wine, saltpetre, leather, gums, and drugs.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

From the Levant, cotton, raw silk, rhubarb, and oil.

LADY

LADY SOPHIA.

From Spain, Portugal, and France, our best wines, oranges, lemons, figs, prunes, raisins, and chesnuts. Wool we get also from Spain.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

The Madeira and Canary Islands are also well known for their excellent wines.

CONSTANCE.

Thank you, my young friends; I shall soon, I hope, be able to remember some part of this instructive and pleasing amusement. How happy I am in such dear friends and instructors! can I ever repay you half what I owe you?

MORNING.

MORNING.

CONSTANCE.

Elinor, my dear friend, will you tell me something about the eclipse that we expect to see this evening?

ELINOR.

Surely, Constance, as well as I can. Your papa has taught us, that when the moon's shadow falls upon the earth, we call it an eclipse of the sun, because the moon prevents our seeing the sun, more or less, according to the extent of its shade; and when the shadow of the earth falls upon the moon, we call that an eclipse of the moon.

moon. You must observe, an eclipse of the moon commonly happens when it is full moon, and an eclipse of the sun when it is new moon.

CONSTANCE.

Thank you, Elinor.

LADY SOPHIA.

I too thank you. The eclipse of the moon is at full moon, and the eclipse of the sun at new moon. I shall try to remember this.

LAURA.

Pray, Edmund, what is hail?

EDMUND.

Nothing more, my little pet, than
drops

drops of rain congealed or frozen, by a great degree of cold in falling.

LAURA.

Then the snow, I suppose, is water too, only not so much frozen?

MRS. BELFIELD.

Yes, my little girl ; now do not forget this, and you shall learn some beautiful lines—a Winter-piece, that describes the snow most charmingly.

LAURA.

I thank you, mamma—shall I learn it to-day?

MRS. BELFIELD.

No, my love, finish first the pretty

L

Ode

Ode to Spring you began yesterday: but Mr. Churchill spoke yesterday of dipping a little into English History this morning—suppose Elinor begins with the first king after the Conquest, and let every one mention at least one sovereign in turn.

ELINOR.

William the First—he was Duke of Normandy, but from landing in England, and defeating Harold the Second, near Hastings, in Sussex, he is commonly called the Conqueror; but the men of Kent insist that he never conquered their county.

MISS

MISS ONSLOW.

The next was William the Second, surnamed Rufus, from his having red hair. Historians describe him as possessing few good qualities: he was killed in the New Forest by an arrow.

CHARLES ONSLOW.

Henry the First, fourth son of William the Conqueror, succeeded his brother: He was a learned prince; but his ambition caused him to use his elder brother with injustice and treachery: he confirmed several valuable privileges, and granted his subjects a valuable charter.

L 2

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Stephen, the grandson of the Conqueror, succeeded his uncle : his reign was a continued scene of war and tumult ; yet he was brave, active, and enterprising, and knew how to win the affection of his subjects ; and it is much to his honour, that, precarious as his situation was, he was never known to be cruel or revengeful.

ELINOR.

Henry the Second, grandson to Henry the First—Historians unite in giving this monarch the highest praise ; yet the undutiful conduct of his sons
deprived

deprived him of all happiness, though one of the greatest and most illustrious monarchs that ever sat on the English throne; for he possessed every accomplishment both of body and mind, to qualify him for the high station he filled; he was active, brave, generous, just, merciful, and prudent.

GEORGE.

Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, son of Henry the Second, succeeded his father: from his distinguished valour, he justly merited the surname of Cœur de Lion, or lion-hearted: all Europe and Asia resounded with his fame: but he had many vices; he

L 3

was

was imperious, revengeful, cruel, ambitious, and destitute of filial affection.

EDMUND.

John succeeded his brother; he appears to have been a compound of every vice that can disgrace human nature, without one good quality to oppose it: his conduct, odious as it was, procured the people the most important advantages: his tyranny induced the Barons to assert, and his sloth and timidity enabled them to maintain, those privileges which form the ground-work of our excellent constitution—he granted the Magna-Charter.

Miss

MISS ONSLOW.

Henry the Third succeeded his father: he was deficient in abilities to govern, and devoted to favourites; yet he was gentle and merciful, and never was accused of a single act of cruelty—he confirmed the Magna-Charta.

ELIZA.

Edward the First came to the throne on the death of his father: he was equally endued with personal bravery and political courage: he had the spirit to undertake and the resolution to accomplish the most difficult and dangerous enterprises; yet his

his policy was often accompanied with cruelty.

ANNA.

Edward the Second—no prince ever ascended a throne with greater advantages ; he was universally beloved for the sweetness of his own disposition, and being the son of an illustrious monarch ; yet, after a weak reign, he was put to a miserable and unnatural death—he is represented as a most inoffensive and innocent man, but as a prince totally unfit to govern.

CHARLES ONSLOW.

Edward the Third succeeded his father ;

ther; his reign was the longest and most glorious in the English annals; he was brave, active, and enterprising, shrewd, sensible, and sagacious, just, liberal, and humane; his stature was about six feet, his person well proportioned, his eyes quick and piercing, and his whole air such as could not fail to engage attention and command esteem.

ELINOR.

Richard the Second ascended the throne after his grandfather, when he was only eleven years old; and when he came of an age to govern, he shewed himself weak, vain, and

and contemptible, and totally unfit to rule : he was violent in his temper, and much addicted to parade and pleasure.

ANNA.

Henry the Fourth reigned after Richard ; he has the reputation of being a wise prince, and prudent sovereign, but a bad man : he usurped the crown by spilling blood, and by spilling blood he preserved it.

GEORGE.

Henry the Fifth—I love to speak of this monarch : we are told he had many virtues, and his abilities were equally conspicuous in the cabinet and the

the field: the boldness of his plans was as remarkable as his personal valour in conducting them: he had the habit of attaching his friends by affability, and by gaining his enemies by address and clemency: his deportment was engaging and elegant, his countenance beautiful, and his stature above the middle size: he was capable of enduring great fatigue, and excelled in all manly and warlike exercises.

EDMUND.

Henry the Sixth was too young to govern when his father died, being only nine months old; but when he
came

same of age, this unfortunate king shewed himself simple and inoffensive in his manners, but of narrow intellect, and totally unqualified for the high and arduous station of a sovereign: his deficiency of understanding was therefore a misfortune, not a crime.

ELIZA.

Edward the Fourth succeeded: he was a prince of more vigour than prudence: as a man, he possessed many accomplishments: his virtues were few, his vices almost the whole catalogue: the laurels he acquired in the field were stained by the torrents of
noble

noble blood which were shed on the scaffold.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

Edward the Fifth can hardly be said to have ascended the throne, on the death of his father; he discovered many amiable qualities: this early promise was cruelly murdered by the order of his unnatural uncle, who, after a series of unheard-of crimes, and wading through seas of blood, raised himself to the throne by his monstrous wickedness.

LADY SOPHIA.

Richard the Third, as deformed in
M body

body as in mind; he was one of the most cruel, treacherous, and blood-thirsty tyrants that ever disgraced the English throne, and was justly abhorred by all succeeding ages.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

Henry the Seventh, after the battle of Bosworth, in which Richard was killed, was joyfully chosen as his successor: this prince loved peace, without fearing war: he was universally allowed the wisest prince then in Europe; but was too much addicted to avarice, and often gratified it at the expence of his peoples' happiness.

HENRY

HENRY ANWYLL.

Henry the Eighth ascended the throne on the death of his father : his conduct was very different in different periods of his life : in his youth he was sincere, gallant, and liberal ; as he advanced in years, he became peevish, arbitrary, rapacious, and so cruel, that he seemed delighted with the blood of his subjects—he suppressed monasteries in England.

MASTER ONSLOW.

Edward the Sixth succeeded his father : all historians dwell with pleasure on the excellent qualities of this young prince, whom the flattering

M 2

promises

promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, made an object of tender affection to his people : he seems to have been all that could be wished in a youth of sixteen.

MISS ONSLOW.

Mary—I am sorry, for the honour of my sex, and of human nature, to have such a sovereign to speak of: Mary was a cruel bigot and a wretched queen : her reign was short and inglorious : she possessed few either estimable or amiable qualities, and her person was as little engaging as her manner : bigotry, cruelty, obstinacy, and violence, are almost the sole ingredients

gredients in the character of this princess.

ELINOR.

Queen Elizabeth succeeded her sister : this princess was beloved by her subjects to a great degree : her character may be best drawn by her conduct : to the personal vanity of a woman, she united the firm spirit and sound understanding of a man ; the maxims of her government were wise and prudent ; and she was happy in her choice of ministers, by whom she was counselled, but not governed.

EDMUND.

James, the First of England, and

M 3

Sixth

Sixth of Scotland, next succeeded; he had some virtues, but they bordered on the neighbouring vices; his generosity savoured of profusion, his learning of pedantry, and his pacific disposition of pusillanimity.

MASTER ONSLOW.

Charles the First succeeded his father; his judgment was sound, his taste elegant, his general temper moderate; but he had the misfortune to be educated in high notions of royal prerogative, which he was resolved to support at all events, and which at length lost him his crown and his life.

EDWARD

EDWARD ANWYLL.

After a long interregnum, in which Oliver Cromwell usurped the government, Charles the Second was restored to the throne: as a prince he was destitute of a proper sense of his dignity: with regard to domestic concerns, he was able and artful, but mean: as a gentleman and companion, he was elegant, easy and gay: he had a very bad opinion of human nature, and seemed incapable of gratitude or friendship: he was dissolute, and a constant violator of the most sacred ties.

HENRY

HENRY ANWYLL.

James the Second succeeded his brother: his reign was one scene of rebellion and cruelty: he was so hateful to the English, on account of his preference to the popish faith, and his meanness, and little observance of his word, that they invited his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, to take the reins of government on him: and James abdicated the throne and the kingdom.

EDWARD ANWYLL.

William the Third, and Mary, were then crowned: in courage, conduct,

duct, and magnanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity : he was temperate, just, religious, and merciful, and particularly remarkable for the equanimity of his temper ; and his ruling passion was a sincere regard to the natural rights and liberties of mankind.

ELINOR.

Ann, youngest daughter of James the Second, succeeded : her conduct, viewed through private life, was truly amiable : she was a pattern of conjugal affection, a tender mother, a warm friend, indulgent mistress, and a munificent patroness : though she was
deficient

deficient in that vigour of mind necessary to preserve her from the snares of favourites and sycophants; yet her regard for the happiness of her subjects was never doubted; she felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was beloved with a warmth of affection, which even the prejudice of party could not abate, and by whom she was dignified by the name of the *good Queen Ann*.

EDMUND.

George the First was next called to the crown: he was the son of the Princess Sophia, grand-daughter of James the First: he was grave in his deport-

deportment, though easy and familiar in his hours of relaxation : though despotic in his hereditary dominions, he ruled with all the moderation and lenity of a monarch, inclined naturally to justice and equity ; and it may be affirmed, that there never was a prince better qualified to sway the sceptre over a free people, or who exercised the virtues of a great and good governor, with more distinguished abilities.

CHARLES ONSLOW.

On the death of George the First, George the Second succeeded to the crown : this prince was violent in his temper,

temper, but humane and candid in his disposition; he conciliated the affections of those most about his person: his judgment was sound; but his attachment to German politics made the early part of his life unpopular: he was brave himself, and encouraged bravery in others: the heroic spirit with which he resented the insults offered to the crown, and the brilliant conquests with which the latter years of his life were adorned, have endeared his memory to the English nation.

ELINOR.

George the Third, our present beloved

loved sovereign, succeeded his grandfather: we hope long, very long, to be prevented speaking fully and politically of a monarch endeared to his people by great and amiable qualities; but thus much may be said, that George the Third is a good husband, a tender father, a kind master, and a worthy man, and that his virtues have made him revered and idolized by his subjects.

CONSTANCE.

I have been very much gratified with this little sketch of our English History; but I cannot remember the sovereigns' names in succession, so

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well

well as I could wish : the Edwards and Henrys puzzle me.

EDMUND.

Might not George give Miss Churchill his song of "*The Chapter of Kings*?" I, who ought to be better acquainted with our English History, from the opportunities and instruction I have had, am sometimes at a loss.—With our mother's permission, George will, I know, sing it to us.

MRS. BELFIELD.

Do, dear George : it will be pleasant, after our grave conversation.

George then sang, very nicely, the
2
song.

song that follows, and afterwards gave Constance a copy of it.

The *Romans* in England long did sway ;
 The *Saxons* next did lead the way ;
 But they and the *Danes* had an overthrow,
 Which both of them got from the *Normans* too.

But barring all pother,
 'Twixt one and the other,
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

William the Conqueror long did reign,
 And *William* his son by an arrow was slain :
Henry the First was a scholar bright,
 Though *Stephen* was forc'd for his crown to fight.
 Yet barring all pother, &c.

Second Henry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And *Cœur de Lion* was his son heir ;

— 2 —

But

148 DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

But Magna Charta was gained from *John*,
Which *Henry the Third* put his seal upon.
Yet barring, &c.

Edward the First was a tiger bold ;
The *Second* by rebels was bought and sold ;
But *Edward the Third* was his subjects' pride,
Though *Richard* his grandson was popp'd aside,
Yet barring, &c.

Henry the Fourth was a warlike wight,
And *Henry the Fifth* like a cock would fight ;
Yet *Henry the Sixth*, like a chick did pout,
When *Edward*, his cousin, he kick'd him out,
Yet barring, &c.

Edward the Fifth was kill'd in bed,
By butchering *Dick*, who was knock'd on the head ;
Then *Henry the Seventh* in fame grew big,
And *Henry the Eighth* was as fat as a pig.
Yet barring, &c.

With

With *Edward the Sixth* we had tranquil days,
 And *Mary* made fire and faggot blaze ;
 But good *Queen Bess* was a glorious dame,
 And bonny *King Jammie* from Scotland came.
 Yet barring, &c.

Then *Charles the First* was a martyr made,
 And *Charley* his son was a comical blade ;
 Yet *James the Second* when hotly spurr'd,
 Ran away, do you see, from *William the Third*.
 Yet barring, &c.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
 And *George* he rul'd with a glorious sway ;
 And as *George the Second* has long been dead ;
 Long life to the *George* we have in his stead.
 And may his sons' sons, to the end of the chap-
 ter,
 Come all to be kings in their turns.

Mrs. CHURCHILL.

I thank you, my little friend, for your song: I do not remember to have heard it sung before.

Mrs. BELFIELD.

Although the poetry is not the most elegant, any thing like rhyme is easily remembered: and I advise you all that do not know it to learn it.

Mrs. Belfield had scarcely finished speaking, when old Mrs. Bradshaw came bustling into the room, and going up to Constance, whispered her that she was going a bit of a walk to the village, if she had no objection, and asked her if she should call at
goody

goody Atwood's with the things for the children? Constance thanked her for thinking of it, and went out with her to give her the bundle; she then returned, smiling.

CONSTANCE.

I can't tell what my good old woman has in her head—something, I am sure, pleasant to herself; she was in such a bustle, she was nearly going without her cloak, and it is not very warm; good soul! I wish I had asked her; perhaps I might have helped her: she will be back in an hour, I should think: I am more curious than usual to-day, I think.

MR. CHERCHILL.

Do not be uneasy, my dear child; a short time will bring our excellent friend (for so I shall always call her) back; in the mean time, suppose, as the morning is fine, we all walk, and if Mrs. Belfield likes, to please my Constance, we will bend our steps towards the village, and perhaps we may meet our old woman.

The whole party were soon equipped, and walked even all the way to the village and back again, and, to their great surprise, saw nothing of Mrs. Bradshaw. Constance began to be uneasy, and returned unwillingly; and on going

ing

ing to her room, within which Mrs. Bradshaw always slept, she heard the cry of a child, and the old woman singing to it in no very gentle voice; she was struck with astonishment, and Elmor, who was with her, looked extremely surprised. Constance tapped at the door, and was desired to come in, when she saw dame Bradshaw nursing and feeding a fine little girl, seemingly about a twelvemonth old.

MRS. BRADSHAW.

Oh Miss, I be so glad you be come home!—see Miss, what a sweet little fine creature this is! but I only brought

brought it here for a bit, just till dame Atwood has got a little crib ready for it, and her biggest girl comes home ; but I will go down, and tell all about it to our good lady.

Meeting no objection from her young mistress, she set off, and they followed to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Bel-field was.—Courtsying all the way she went, she began—

“ If you please, Madam, I had a bit of a letter from my poor son (who was rather unkind once to poor dear Miss, but else a good lad) to come to him just beyond the park gate. Betty
House-

Housemaid read it to me. I never waited a minute, but ran into Miss Constance, and set out all of a flurry; for I wanted much to see my poor boy: so I went, and there John was, with his clothes all ragged, and this here pretty baby wrapped up in his coat; so the poor fellow cried—'Oh mother! I am afraid I have lost your blessing about the fine young lady, and many and many's the time I have repented it. My poor wife died but a little while ago, our little place caught fire, and I had only time to save our little Jenny from the flames; then

then I thought (said he) what poor Miss used to talk about the fire ;' so then, he said, Ma'am, he knew I had a tender heart, and that he had begged his way here ; and when he had left his little Jenny in my care, would go to the world's end, to earn a living for himself and her ; so then, Ma'am, I cried, and I blessed him, and forgave him, for the only fault he ever had, because though it was a sad one, we have all somewhat to be forgiven for ; besides, in the end, you know, my Lady, it brought us to this blessed house ; so I gave my son all the money I had
about

about me, and made him promise to stop at the Bedford till I saw him, and home I run with the dear baby, and there Miss Elinor and Miss Constance found me feeding it, and singing as merry as a lark. I forgot to tell you, Madam, that I stepped into Dame Atwood's, to ask her to take Jenny to nurse; she is a good-natured woman, and quite neat, as a body may say; and she said she would clean up her little crib, and send for her big girl to tend it: and pray, Madam, pray, dear young ladies, (dropping on her knees) don't be angry with me, for

for going hand over head, and bringing the child here to this grand house; she is my own son's child, you know, and how could I part from her—she is the picture of her dear father.”

Elinor and Constance ran to raise this excellent woman; they praised the little Jenny, and each took her in their arms.

Mrs. Belfield was affected; as well as the girls, with Mrs. Bradshaw's artless and feeling narrative; and before many days were past, the child was established, with its father and grandmother, in a pretty little cottage then vacant;

vacant; John was taken to assist Mr. Churchill's man, and the warm-hearted old woman declared herself as happy as a queen. The young ladies put by all other work, to complete Jenny with every necessary article for her years; Edmund made them a present of furniture; Constance gave a cow; Elinor poultry; and every one contributed something to their comfort.

Very soon after this, the happy party separated for a time, with the pleasing hope of meeting again in a few months. Lord Cecil and his family went to London, Lord Wentworth to
set

set out on his travels, and his brothers and sisters to be under the care of a Clergyman and his wife, who were to reside at a little seat of his Lordship's near town: Edmund Belfield went, for the first time, to college; and Mr. Churchill attended him and saw him settled at Oxford: George was placed at the Military Academy at Great Marlow; Mrs. Churchill and her Constance were to pass two months at Bath, and then join Mrs. Belfield, who meant to remain four in London, for the benefit of masters for her daughters: Charles Onslow was to be

under

under the care of a private tutor, preparatory to his entering the same college with Edmund Belfield; and Miss Onslow was to make a visit to Dublin with her grandmother.

Mrs. Bradshaw was divided between her wish to attend her young lady, and the natural affection she bore her granddaughter; but as she was very old, and travelling very disagreeable to her, she was persuaded to remain behind, as did the faithful Jones, on account of his health.

If

If this little work meets the encouragement its author has before been honoured with, and which it is her warmest wish to deserve, she fully intends to give to her young friends a sequel to her "Tale founded on Facts."

FINIS.

Lane, ~~and~~ King, and Co. Leadenhall Street.

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Geo. Smith

Dec

Wm. H. Smith
Carr

